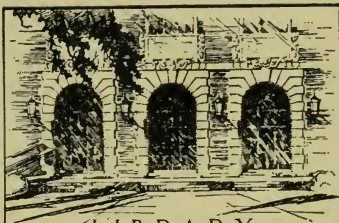


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FLORENCE:

OR

THE ASPIRANT.

A NOVEL,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

III.

LONDON:

WHITTAKER, TREACHER, AND CO.

AVE MARIA LANE.

1829.

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1843

THE

THE

LONDON:

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FLORENCE.

CHAPTER I.

It was six o'clock next evening before Mr Ashburn came, and if Mrs Stanhope and Florence could judge from an intimation given by Mr D'Alembert respecting himself on that night, it was one in which Mr Ashburn should have been engaged in his chapel. It required but half a glance to see that he was heated and vexed, if not angry, or at least in a state of half-excited suspicion. He sat down, looked at each lady, and then said, "I know it is false, and I am sorry to give you a moment's pain, but all concealment is bad. Just as I was about to come here this morning, I received a message from

Mr D'Alembert, to meet him instantly at Dr Campian's. I went, and found all in confusion and distress. Young Campian had gone out in the morning to visit patients; and what was most unusual, Thomas had left his master for a short time, in order to plant some roots, about which the old gentleman was solicitous. In the mean time a person gave a letter to the servant-maid for old Dr Campian, which she delivered immediately; and when Thomas returned, he found his master in a state of utter insensibility, or, to speak more truly, dead, and the letter lying before him on the table. His death was not accelerated by any fall, as you might suppose, while under the influence of the fit which had cut him off, for he always sat in a large easy chair, and he had fallen back in it, and safe from all external injury. But the contents of the letter had, beyond all doubt, worked upon his irritable disposition, more especially as it bore upon a point on which he was at all times miserable. Here it is, and you may prepare yourselves for a shock."

Mr Ashburn read as follows:—"SIR,—I take the liberty to inform you, that you should look with particular care to your son, as no doubt you have no wish that he should marry a here-

tic. Now, sir, it is very well known that he is in love with a Miss Stanhope, whose mother—”

“ You, yourself, but too well know,” said Mr Ashburn, “ why such a liberty is taken with your name, and will ascribe my reading what comes, not to want of feeling, but because I may not conscientiously alter it.”

“ Go on,” said Mrs Stanhope, who sat pale and the living image of woe; “ I know what will come.”

Mr Ashburn stammered, and his eyes seemed to reel, as he read—“ is no better than she should be. The person who writes this has seen a man, a hussar officer, on a Sunday evening, just after she had been conveyed home in a coach by another gallant, enter her house, and knows that he remained there all night. She pretends she is rich, but it is all a fudge; and to prove this, she has been trying to inveigle a poor idiot, who has money, to live with her. I am your most obedient servant,—A FRIEND.”

The moment Mr Ashburn had done reading this extraordinary epistle, Florence rung; and, on the servant coming, she said, “ Nançy, I am going to ask you a question; don’t be afraid to answer it:—What dress had my aunt on when she came here about a month ago?”

The girl immediately described Miss Fortescue's dress, from her mustachio to her Wellington brass-shod boots.

After she was gone, Florence said, "that was the hussar to whom this villain alludes; and of the poor idiot, and all our connexion with her, I shall instantly inform you."

After she had done so, Mr Ashburn said, "I suspected that I was the gentleman alluded to as having come home with you in a coach, and I remember your solicitude that I should be seen not to have entered your house; and I had a vague recollection that you mentioned some folly connected with your sister's arrival; but anything so extravagantly absurd as her conduct, or so cruel as the construction put upon it, I could scarcely imagine. The distress of poor Edmund Campian is hardly to be conceived, and he has confessed that his father had taken a jealousy of the kind into his head, which, with the horror of his son marrying a Protestant, was the cause of the expressions he used, that gave you so much pain and alarm when you met in my house. But," said he, "it is possible that a fit, unconnected altogether with any agitation resulting from the letter, may have caused his death; it was always suspected that he would

go off in that way. Thomas is greatly to blame, and on that account, poor man, is inconsolable."

Mrs Stanhope was nearly as much so; and feeling overcome by that sickness which is sometimes the result of extreme mental disgust, she apologized very briefly and withdrew. Mr Ashburn left a message with Florence, that it might be some days before he could return, as both Mr D'Alembert and Mr Campian would require his comfort. But that, in the mean time, they might read the books which had lain by them for the last month.

"I understand precisely what that means," said Mrs Stanhope; "he begins to doubt me, and at all events he thinks that his character may suffer; and not even his fiery Catholic zeal can make him proof to that which I, wretch that I am, must bear! O! Florence, were it not for you, how gladly should I resign this miserable life. And indeed, would it please God to call me hence, you would, I believe, be more respected without me."

"My dear mother," said Florence, "I am astonished that you, who so well know the value of a mother's love, should imagine for one moment that the base vulgar breath of unfounded calumny can be put in competition with your

vast importance to me. However, that is not at your will; and if it were, I am sure your better courage would sustain you. But, my dearest mother, let me once more urge what I have so often urged before, the consolation of conscious rectitude."

Mrs Stanhope laughed scornfully; and gazing upon her daughter with something approaching more to anger than her face had ever exhibited before, she said, "Florence, I have lately been guarding you against enthusiasm, I may now caution you against cant. It is impossible for *me* to fancy, to imagine to myself, the situation of him or her who can find anything in the shape of comfort, who can recollect the commission of a sin, nay, of having harboured the wish to commit one. Upon the subject of deriving what is called consolation from conscious rectitude, I have always entertained one and the same opinion, which is, that the person must have trembled on the threshold of vice who finds in that, a sustaining, buoyant comfort. A man who never stood on the edge of a fearful precipice while his fall was prevented only by some kind hand, or by catching at a twig, may have a slight notion of the pleasure of being safe from that species of danger; but

he will not, he cannot, hug himself upon not having been dashed to pieces. What is to console me for being worse than a paria? What is to console me for its being in the power of every low-minded person—I care not for his rank, for in my mind all such class alike—to point a finger and say, ‘that woman was suspected!’” — Mrs Stanhope covered her face, and wept abundantly. “I am relieved,” said she, after weeping some time; “tears always relieve me, but they are always reluctant. And what do you think, Florence, can console an upright mind, for the injustice of all by whom it is surrounded? No; talk not of any consolation. I cannot be consoled; but I *must bear*, and time will once again do its office. The poor old man! Heavens, what a blighted thing I am, that frequently, even those ever so little within my influence have suffered. And the amiable, unoffending idiot! I have not a doubt that her stolen visits, for which I wished not, have cost her her liberty; for it is probable, though there is an apparent obstinacy of opinion about her, that a short time would have worn out the horror of our having been accessory to her entering unhallowed ground, and that she would have returned. Besides, it can only be

in consequence of some coercion that the thing should be known so as to have afforded even a pretext for such a suspicion."

"I should regret that fifty times more than the old man's death, for he had reason to guide him, she has only instinct. But, mother, you are unjust to Mr Ashburn. He has shewn no fiery zeal. I expressed my wish, even ardently, for information, and I am sure he has not abused the leave granted. And as for Mr D'Alembert, he avoided seeking us altogether; nay, refused the aid which, in my name, had been implored. Mother, I do not believe that charge as a general charge. You may as well say that because the Edinburgh doctor storms and rages in his Presbyterian zeal, that he is actuated by Catholic fury; or that the insidious, serpentine contortions of the other, and his coercing, whining accents, indicate his being a Jesuit. Tell me now, whether is Mr Ashburn or the doctor most candid?"

"I must yield in favour of Mr Ashburn. It is not easy to forget the foaming wrath with which the doctor said to me, '*Your church is impure, unsound, popish, rotten.*'"

"And whether does Mr D'Alembert or the doctor's friend—I mean the tall, thin man—

most resemble a Jesuit? Mother, we are influenced by mere names. And now, as I think you are satisfied that all bodies of men produce the same sort of persons, that there are violent and wily Protestants, as well as unrelenting, cunning Catholics, so I shall assure you that Mr Ashburn will not forsake us."

Florence was right; next day, at twelve o'clock, Mr Ashburn presented himself, and Mrs Stanhope's heart was then, for the first time since the previous evening, somewhat lightened of its load. She had remarked, that he would sometimes, when very energetic upon a subject, seize her arm, he rarely shook hands with either Florence or herself. And thinking it might be a shyness peculiar to his profession, she always avoided holding out her hand, and had desired her daughter to do the same. But on this day, after looking at each alternately, he extended a hand, first to the elder and next to the younger lady; and said, "My dear Mrs Stanhope, why do your eyes sparkle so? and why, Florence, is there such an exuberance of satisfaction in your expressive countenance?"

Mrs Stanhope had by this time covered her

eyes, for they were now filled with tears, at once of gratitude and compunction.

“ I will tell you,” said Florence; “ my mother imagined that we should now seldom see you.”

“ On what account? Because she was aspersed and ill-used? I thought she had more sense. But no; it is human nature. Her mind is weakened by grief; and I wonder not,—one so fair, so good, and naturally so discreet”—Mrs Stanhope looked up.—“ Be not alarmed; I say *naturally*, not because I imagine for half an instant, or for a more minute portion of time, if you can fancy it, that you ever wavered from your natural rectitude—God forbid that a thought so base, so unworthy of us both, should enter my brain;—but I mean that you are indebted to nature for all your discretion; for, alas! where, since you were ten years old, has been your guide? I suspected that such would be your conjecture; and the first ebullition over for Dr Campian, I began to consider that I could do his son no good; and that as he is the peculiar, and indeed very particular, charge of Mr D’Alembert, my doing more than sit an hour last night, and call this morning, might seem obtrusive; and—in short, I thought my chief

call this day was here. I had inflicted a fresh wound, and it lies upon me to heal it as far as I can; and the best way to do that is to divert our minds by study, or, in other words, employment, and I shall therefore resume my task, if I may so call that which is so pleasant."

"I have," said Mrs Stanhope, "been endeavouring to divert my mind by looking over some of the books you sent, and was particularly attracted by the life of Teresa, in the 10th vol. of the Saints' Lives. Poor thing! there is something very touching in the idea of herself and her brother, while little children, setting off in quest of trials; but I have met with something in her life which surprises me very much, and that is, her strong prohibition of romance-reading; and you spoke rather in favour of that sort of composition."

"Very true," said he; "but you must consider the sort of nonsense which she condemned, and that what I praise contains not only the best mental painting we can have, but excellent moral lessons, and excellent moral examples. At the same time, it requires the careful and watchful eye of a judicious mother to cull what is good and utterly exclude that which is bad, of which last there are but too many."

“ But I don't understand how, in a note, it is stated that romances commenced in the tenth or eleventh century, when we all know that the first romance was written in the fourth century by Heliodorus.”

“ Very true; and that he lost his bishopric rather than burn it. Yes, and that shews the care of our church over its children; and remember, that it is only in a very purified state that I would allow novels for the eye of youth, and sorry am I to say, that indifferent is the tendency even for adults in our very first-rate performances, such as *Gil Blas*, *Don Quixote*, and the works of *Fielding* and *Smollet*. There is much to stir up the peccant humours of men in them all. But I reckon our drama the worst school, and the very best of our drama far from safe. But of late, I learn that it also is much purified; for my own part, I have neither seen a play, nor read one, for more than forty years. But, very much may be said on that subject, as to whether young men, or idle old men, may not spend their evenings worse; and likewise upon the influence of the finest sentiments and the best actions of men being brought immediately under your observation; yet there are too many counterbalancing disadvantages. But with respect

to novels, although Sir Walter Scott has done us much evil, that is, if our situation can be made worse; and although Miss Edgeworth is, I suspect, rather free from the true grace of God, yet I do not see that a young person's time, when relaxing from more severe and more radical study, can be better employed than in perusing their works. With respect to the seeming anachronism of our friend Ruben Butler, I fancy he alludes to the commencement of those wild, and unnatural, and foolish tales, which were each, almost as interminable as the whole were universal."

Mr Ashburn became silent, and after sitting for a long time in a musing posture, he said, "Yet I don't know—God has given imagination to man—the idle cannot or will not find sufficient employment in sending the soul to heaven—the hungry cannot all find food in the present, or indeed in any state of society—and if men will only not write impositions and falsehoods, I could excuse a great deal of nonsense. But man never appears in so bad a light as when he slides from thoughts which unite him with pure spirits, into those which render him worse than our very worst conceptions of dæmons. Look for instance at Sterne! What

would the controllers of Heliodorus have said to such a man? We were anxious to keep men's imagination in check, knowing (for the wisdom of the church foresaw the fearful lengths to which it would run, and where it was likely to end) that a soul might sometimes be the price of what is termed a brilliant thought; but when Protestantism brought its license for universal investigation, then we were termed not only bigots but tyrants. Gothe, who was a convert from your religion, and who had been rigorously brought up in it, is decidedly of opinion, that full and unqualified liberty should not be given to Bible-reading; and I will ask you, as a woman of sense and virtue, whether you have wished that all which you yourself have read of the Bible should meet your daughter's eye?"

Mrs Stanhope blushed deeply, and confessed that there were many parts which she had never allowed Florence to read.

"Did you ever," said he, "hear of Prince Gallitzin?"

"No."

"Well, his father, a free and liberal man, was Prince Gallitzin of Russia, and wished his son to go into the army, perhaps about thirty-

eight years ago; but his mother, a pious lady of the Greek church, trembled for her son's morality in such a school, and got his father's leave that he should travel; and with a careful tutor he left his native land. His travels and his studies ended in his becoming a Catholic priest; and, seeking out a field where he thought he might be of use, he went to Baltimore, and under the name of Smith, in order to conceal his rank, he there laboured in the vineyard of the Lord; nor could the entreaties of his kindred, nor the offers, as I have heard, of the Emperor, draw him from his beloved flock. There he, or rather his religion, was most cruelly and illiberally attacked in the pulpit by a Protestant divine, to whom he wrote that kind and frank reply, entitled 'Defence of the Catholic Religion.' This was replied to in a most acrimonious manner; when he addressed a letter to a Protestant friend, in answer to what had been advanced by the other gentleman. I recommend the whole to your particular notice; but I shall read you at present a few passages. I trust I do not speak from a blinded partiality, but in all the controversies which have taken place between us and Protestants, the latter have treated us with

bitter, ungentlemanlike taunting. From Knox downwards, they have always written like men in a passion; while we, until very lately, have not treated them even with spirit. We have never, as Dr Milner most justly remarks, nicknamed you; yet, not contented with *despoiling* us, wherever you could, you have scarcely found it possible to find terms sufficiently opprobrious for us. In one sense, we may excuse you, for you have been nearly as liberal to one another; but while a family of brothers and sisters wrangle and misname each other, they are generally civil to strangers. You have made strangers of us in all essential points; it were kind to do it in this trifle. But though I, in common with my brethren, despise abuse, yet I would not treat such men with an excessive politeness. Now Prince Gallitzin, in his letter to the Protestant clergyman, is not only excessively polite, but he is kind. I warn you of this, as a thing from which my — perhaps uncouth — boldness, revolts. But I am certain he was sincere, and in respect to his politeness, we must remember he was bred a prince; and for his kindness, that is often a constitutional matter. I do not say a man is justified in being brutish because it is constitutional, for religion, and

even civilization, ought to correct all remarkable asperities; but through the same medium a natural softness, such as I ascribe to the prince, may become too much for the taste of a blunt man like me. On the subject of Bible-reading, he says to his friend, 'I confess I am surprised at the frequency of such an accusation against the Catholic clergy, and that too, from men, who are not remote from correct sources of information.

"‘I lived,’ continues he, ‘during fifteen years in a Catholic country, under a Catholic government, where both the spiritual and temporal power were united in the same person, for the reigning prince of that country was our archbishop. There, you may be sure, the Catholic rules and principles were strictly observed; and in that very country, I saw the Catholic Bible, in the German language, printed, and reprinted, and sold, without exception, to any person that wished to purchase. During a great part of that time, I was not a member of the Catholic church; an intimacy which had existed between our family and a certain celebrated French philosopher, had produced a contempt for revealed religion. I had hence adopted prejudices against revelation, and felt every inclina-

tion to ridicule those very principles and practices which I have since adopted. I mention that circumstance merely to shew that my observations at that time being those of an enemy to the Catholic church, are in the eyes of a Protestant the more entitled to credit; and from the same motive, I shall also add, that during those unfortunate years of my infidelity, particular care was taken to keep me from the society of clergymen. At the age of seventeen I began to think, and to investigate for myself, and I resolved to embrace that religion only, which, after an impartial inquiry, should appear to me the pure religion of Jesus Christ. I was born in the Greek church, and all my male relations who professed any religion, were either Greeks or Protestants. However, my choice fell upon the Catholic church, and I became a member of what I believed then, and hope to continue to believe, to be the true church. I read the Bible, and saw my neighbours, rich and poor, reading it, without any objection on the part of the clergy. I frequented many churches, and in all of them, heard numberless quotations from the Bible, as from the written word of God. I was acquainted with hundreds of the Catholic clergy; and I do assert, nay, am will-

ing to swear, if called upon by legal authority, that I never knew any Catholic bishop or priest withhold the Scriptures from the knowledge of the people committed to their care. I am intimately acquainted with numbers of German, French, Italian, English, Irish, and American priests, and never could hear from one of them, that the reading of the Holy Scriptures was prohibited in their respective countries. I have seen many Catholic Bibles printed in France, England, Scotland, Ireland, &c. In this country, the Catholic Bible has been printed in several cities of the Union, and the Catholic priests, scattered in different provinces of the United States, are generally subscribers to a great amount, and encourage the sale of that sacred book, with the greatest zeal. I myself, on my last return from Baltimore, brought several English Catholic Bibles with me, one of them at the particular request and for the use of the *Protestant Minister's* townsman, Mr Henry Dopp, of Huntingdon, and who will have no objection to shew it to the Protestant Minister, in order to undeceive him.'"

Mr Ashburn here laid down the book, and said, "Well may I excuse your ignorance, the ignorance of a comparatively unlearned, and

certainly unresearching female, when a man who is living upon the ruin of an aspersed people, is ignorant of their having Bibles in the vulgar tongue of every country where it is possible to have them. Does it become men who live at our expense, and who villify us on every possible occasion, to be ignorant on so grand, so essential a point? I ask, is not such ignorance disgraceful? And if it is not ignorance, what is it?"

"I was going to object," said Mrs Stanhope, "that it is only the most low and illiberally brought up who can possibly be so very ignorant; but I may recollect myself, and even the great Scott; and I remember when we were in Edinburgh, that one of the first ministers there, on discovering that I was an Episcopalian, said, with a sneer, 'Step sister, to Rome—however, they allow *you* to read your Bibles, if you will' "

"Yes," said Mr Ashburn, "and probably that man was a bishop in his way; that is, held all the sway in his small power over his compeers, and over the members of his place of worship. But you need not go so far; did not a certain English bishop, two counties from this, attack us on every point, in a solemn charge to

his clergy? And that puts me in mind of something salutary, by one of our first men—written in his youth, and I dare say before he dreamt of being a distinguished historian—a historian who has stript history of its fables and false *hypotheses*, and given us unvarnished truth, and left every reader to the freedom of his own *private judgment*. Yes, you see the good prince, with great simplicity, brings a Bible from Baltimore to Huntingdon, to convince his adversary that we actually have such things in an accessible tongue! ‘As long as I live,’ says prince Galitzin, ‘I intend to encourage the reading of the Bible; and I am not in the least afraid of incurring the blame of my bishop, or the censures of the Catholic church. Is it not surprising, my dear friend, (he continues) that I should be, during thirty years, a member of the Catholic church,—that I should have lived so many years near the centre of Catholicity,—that I should be, during twenty-three years, an acting though unworthy minister of the Catholic church, and yet, during all that time, was not clear-sighted enough to find out that its clergy were and are in the habit of withholding from their people *the key of knowledge*, the sacred Scriptures? You will ask me, probably, why such

an accusation is so common, and that accusation coming from the Protestant clergy? Is it possible that so many characters would unite in propagating a palpable falsehood? Charity, my dear friend, forbids such a supposition. I am far from accusing the Protestant minister, my immediate adversary, or his colleagues, of propagating a wilful lie. But I am sensible that a lie bawled out with an impudent assurance, by any person of weight and influence, no matter how that influence has been gained, is often received as an undoubted truth, and as such, propagated and exaggerated by thousands, until at last it settles down into an indisputed and indisputable fact. The first broachers of the calumny were guilty of a *wilful* lie; for, rebelling against the lawful authority of the church, they had to give satisfactory reasons for their rebellion. Thus they contrived numberless accusations against the church, charging it with all the crimes and abuses of which many of its corrupted and ignorant members were guilty. But surely, my friend, you are sensible that the act, or the neglect, of one or more of the clergy, is not the act or neglect of the church. I have acknowledged, in my ‘Defence of Catholic Principles,’ and I do acknowledge it again, that

many of the clergy, as well as of the lay people in the Catholic church, have been guilty of most culpable negligences, and even of very great crimes, which was particularly the case at the time of the pretended reformation; in consequence of which, the curse of God fell upon the earth, and caused many, struck with blindness, to forsake the church, (in the bosom of which they would have found a remedy for all their spiritual maladies,) and to follow the smoother and broader roads of an apparent renovation. The standard of rebellion being raised by the hand of pride, it was easy to persuade evil passions and luxury, that eating is more pleasant than fasting; that a change of wives is more pleasant than always the same; that one was better than none; that a confession, made in general terms to God alone, and where, by the way, it is virtually *needless*, and is attended, in absolute fact, by no humility, is less restraining than a detailed one made to God's minister; that self-interpretation of God's word affords a greater chance of *indulgence* to the unruly passions of a corrupted heart, than submitting to the interpretation of the church; and that liberty and independence are more sweet than obedience and submission. Well might the pro-

clamation of Bible-rule, by the reformers, be sweet and pleasant, when it granted to each individual the right of construing that Bible as he chose ! We can have no doubt that if every man might construe and explain the law of the land at will, and have the right of acting accordingly, that punishment would be rare, and vice still more plentiful than at present. These laws, however good, would soon become nugatory. The holy Scriptures are the Christian's code of laws. The church does *not* say, 'you shall not read,' but the church *does* say, 'you shall not interpret the Bible *as you please*.' Scripture itself gives the caution, in II Peter, i. 20: 'No prophecy of Scripture is made by private interpretation.' The General Council of Trent has given strict orders for establishing lectures and expositions of holy writ, in churches, monasteries, and colleges, 'that so the heavenly treasure of holy Scripture, with which the Holy Ghost in his infinite bounty has provided us, may not lie neglected.'—Session 5th, chap. i. And 'that nobody, relying on his own private judgment, presume, according to the words of Peter, to wrest the holy Scriptures, in matters of faith or manners, to their own private sense, contrary to the sense of the holy

church, and which it holds conformable to the true sense of Scripture.' Session 4th.—Liberty, no doubt, is a blessing, but it should be confined to its own province, and restrained within the bounds of decency. Although in America we enjoy that blessing to the utmost degree consistent with safety, yet I do not find our government disposed to leave the interpretation of the civil laws to every individual: every one is compelled to submit in practice to the interpretation and judgment of the judiciary, no matter how much his own *private* opinion and judgment differ from those of the court. Is the law of God less mysterious, less important? At the period of the pretended reformation, the Bible in the vulgar languages could be in but very few hands, not in consequence of a prohibition from the church, but in consequence of the art of printing having been but lately discovered. The first book that ever was printed was 'David's Psalter,' printed in 1457 by Faust and Schoeffer, of the city of Mentz, about sixty years before the beginning of the reformation. It required many years to bring the art of printing to that degree of perfection at which it has arrived, or, to speak more properly, to any perfection at all, as may

easily be supposed, when the printing of the first Bible occupied no less a time than seven or eight years. Some indeed say that this preceded the 'Psalter,' and perhaps, more properly, the last mentioned was the first work done in metal types. But before printing was known, books of any kind must have been very scarce, and in the hands of very few; no wonder then, if during the first fifteen centuries of the church the Bible should have been in few hands. Yet this explanation is *always* withheld, and, obvious as it is, it escapes the unthinking. But you would do well to ask the Protestant clergyman from whence the first reformers received the Bible from which they took occasion to blaspheme the holy church, and on which they and their successors grounded all their manifold contradictory systems? Pray, did that sacred volume rain down from heaven into their hands? No. Did the Almighty send the archangel Gabriel, the former messenger of happy tidings, to deliver the sacred book into the hands of the reformers? No. Did they through divine inspiration discover it among the ruins of the Holy City? No. Where then did they find it? In the Catholic church—which during fifteen hundred years had always carefully

preserved this precious deposit of divine revelation. From it all the holy fathers of the church, all the pastors, lawful successors of the apostles, had derived that heavenly doctrine, recorded in many of their writings for the instruction of their flocks—for the conversion of nations—for the edification of the church. If the popes had become antichrists, the church a sink of idolatry—in short, that which I will not stain my paper by writing down upon it—why did the clergy not do that which must have been easy—destroy those sources of divine revelation? and in the course of a short time, the very remembrance of them would have been obliterated, especially if, as you say, the people were too ignorant to witness against them? Instead of this, what was the fact? Many of the monks, of whose idleness you hear so much, were *constantly* employed in making copies of Bibles and other pious books. Believe me, it required no small industry to preserve and multiply books when so few facilities were afforded. The Protestant Minister will be compelled to own then, that it was in the very bosom of the Catholic church the first reformers found the sacred volume, which he says the Catholic clergy kept from the people! It is upon this incontestible circumstance that we ground the

validity of one of our four grand marks—that of apostolicity.

“ ‘ The grand reason for admitting the books of Scripture as divine and canonical, is to be found in the *constant and unvarying tradition* of the Catholic church. Let any one say where else it can be found. From all that I have been able to discover in Protestant authors, I can find no *fixed* rule by which to ascertain infallibly the sense of the Holy Ghost. Some tell us that Scripture is sufficiently plain to convey, *itself*, its true meaning, at least by carefully comparing one text with another. May we ask, how many have time for this task? Others tell us that common sense and reason are adequate to the undertaking of discovering the true sense of Scripture. But even if common sense and reason were actually in possession of the many, how are these qualities clouded by passion, and obscured by the noxious vapours of a worldly life? Others again assert, that by sincere and fervent prayer *any* person may obtain grace to understand the Scriptures. Alas! how few are there who, if the understanding of the Scriptures were not daily pressed upon them by careful pastors, would care at all about knowing what they mean. I have no doubt, however,

but these several means have been tried by many Protestants, and very conscientiously, to ascertain the true meaning of Scripture; and what has been the result? Confusion and contradiction! The great mass think not of this, and, worst of all, see not its direful effect; but nevertheless, it is fearfully true. The holiness, unity, and universality of the church, require that it should be bound by a broad zone, composed of the never-sleeping vigilance, active care, and, when required, wholesome coercion of its pastors, even as a pious parent watches over his child, restrains his first approaches to aberration and excess; and when in these he cannot be restrained, inflicts such punishment as may ensure his child from disgrace here, and eternal woe hereafter. An excessive care has led pastors into an excessive severity: this we deplore; but the source of such severity was good; and unity, to an immense extent, for fifteen hundred years, was the result. *Late* reformers conceal, carefully conceal, from their people—and few enquire for themselves—that the *first* reformers speedily quarrelled one with another, foamed and raged, cursed and excommunicated each other on account of their different and contradictory explanations of the same texts. Men, emancipated from the govern-

ment of the church, soon divided and subdivided into numberless sects, which have increased and multiplied to the present day. Were these differences about trifles—mere matters of *discipline*—which are modified by climate and local circumstances even in the Catholic church, so that what is enjoined and may be proper *as to discipline* in one place, is abstained from and dispensed with in another—we might care little for the discrepancies, even though greatly exceeding the demands of the most lax necessity; but no, they differ about matters which they themselves allow to be essential to salvation; such as Baptism and the Lord's Supper, &c. &c. Now, contradiction in such material points is an evident sign of falsehood in their system, and of a criminal schism somewhere. Where then is the infallible rule to be found? In that church only which received its directions from the apostles themselves, and were favoured by the immediate and direct influences of the Holy Ghost?

“ ‘ I must confess, my dear friend, that I am astonished to see how *easy* it is to satisfy Protestants on the all-important subject of religion. Running from one meeting-house to another, they hear the sacred text expounded in different ways—often in ways absolutely contradictory.

No matter :—to them it is still the word of God, although contradiction proves it to be, in many instances, the word of Satan, or the word of Death ! I cannot conceive how I could, with any degree of devotion, nay, even with patience, listen to such arbitrary and accidental explanations, unless the preacher could satisfy me that by some divine means he has found the key of that precious treasure, and is himself an infallible interpreter of Scripture. And who of them does not assume that very infallibility which they have derided and scoffed at, and that either in ignorance or malignity, assigning our doctrine of infallibility, not to Christ's eternal *church*, but to a *frail human creature*?—I say, who of them does not assume to himself this very infallibility ? Where do you hear the words, ‘ My friends, I am not sure of this ; the text may mean the very reverse of what I have said ; it may mean what Mr ——, of the sect that last split from us, holds out, and on which point he left us ? ’ If he held this language, what would be the consequence ? A few who admired his modesty (and, by the way, a dangerous modesty, when the bread, the food of life, was dispensing,) would remain, the rest would leave him as an inefficient teacher—

a man, upon whom they could not lean and rely. For, notwithstanding all that is said about the right of private judgment, it amounts in fact and in reality to this,—that each flock is expected to look up to its pastor as a guide.

“ ‘ I say again, as I said before in my ‘ Defence of Catholic Principles,’ that the sacred volume, although it is the word of God, is not the supreme judge to fix our belief in matters of faith. The letter we see, the sense we cannot see. Christianity subsisted many years without the gospels or epistles. I know this is a startling assertion to Protestants; but it is true. *Where were the gospels and epistles to come from all at once?* Christ is *not recorded* to have written anything more than a few words upon the sands. Christianity was established, not by *reading*, but by *hearing*; and even after the gospels and epistles were penned, it was morally, physically, (and so to speak,) commercially impossible, that they could for many years be in more—to calculate largely, very largely—than a thousand hands; nay, more probably, not half that number. How much during that period depended upon tradition? how much on oral testimony? And what do we owe to them who guarded, culled, and collated

for us this inestimable treasure? And who were these? The fathers of what you scornfully call Papists.’”

Here Mr Ashburn laid down the book, and said, “ Were Prince Gallitzin here, I am sure he would excuse me for sometimes in my warmth adding a little to his text; or perhaps I may rather say, misplacing it, for gleaning in this way I miss much that is essential, as you will see when you come to read it; and, by way of atoning, I fancy, I throw in at another place what is not exactly there; but it is all true. Believe me, I have in all our intercourse on this most vital subject, kept much within, never exceeded, our canonical bounds and the authority of Scripture. Prince Gallitzin goes on to say: ‘ And perhaps I may again observe, that during fifteen hundred years, that is, before printing had produced any general effect, the Bible was necessarily and unavoidably confined to a very few hands; and indeed had it been more extended, where would have been its use, since not one in a thousand could read? This will probably be construed into a reproach to lazy monks and ascetics, but a moment’s reflection will shew the utter impossibility of teaching the great mass to read, when books were confined to manuscripts. It would be more just

to think of the pains that were taken orally to instruct the ignorant. The *golden age* of the church, the age of martyrs, the age of saints, and of *pure unshaken faith*, was the age when the written gospel scarcely existed, or was at most in a very few hands. The word of God might then indeed be said to be locked from the people, but it was locked by the key of necessity, nor did God himself see meet to weaken that necessity by any other means than the slow, the very slow progress of time. To this day there are many thousands who cannot read, and yet their faith is strong, their morals pure; and I do not know whether I should be wrong in asserting, that the most humble, the most obedient, the most edifying Christians, are generally found amongst those that *cannot* read. Indeed, were it not so, God would be reproached by the many years when of necessity his people, the great bulk of his people, depended *entirely* upon those very bishops, priests, and monks, who are now the scorn of every wilfully ignorant and sadly benighted sojourner in this weary pilgrimage. Who are those who, separating from the church, and running in the most opposite and often by each other *hated* directions, have established so many contradictory systems? Protestant Bible

readers. Who are those who, foaming and raging continually against the Catholic church, and by telling unwarrantable lies against her, are continually sinning against *truth* and *charity*, the main duties of religion? Protestant Bible readers. Who are those thousands and thousands who, forsaking the very fundamentals of the Christian religion, and rejecting all its mysteries, are erecting in Baltimore and in many other cities, very large and costly churches for the worship of the Socinian Divinity? Protestant Bible readers. Who are those, and not few in numbers, who, pretending a vast respect for the *moral* precepts of Scripture, yet rob it of *all* its divinity and deny *all* future reward or punishment—aye, men high in office, great in learning—remember, I can prove what I say:—Who are they? Even sedulous, protesting Bible readers. There is nothing the Protestant gentlemen can say in praise of the sacred volume, in which we do not heartily coincide. Call it the most beautiful flower in the garden of heaven, and we say it is so. But remember that whilst the bee sucks from it the pure honey of life, the spider draws from it the poison of death. Call it that precious pearl for the attainment of which a man should give all that he hath,—and we say it

is so. But at the same time we shall tell you not to suffer it to be trampled under foot by swine. Call it the treasure of God's revelations, and again we say yes; but we shall pray you to remember in whose hands he left the true key of that treasure. Call it the bread of life, and we shall remind you that the most wholesome bread may occasion a surfeit, and even death! Your Protestant minister tells us that the Bible alone is infallible. What does he mean by that? Does he mean that the letter of Scripture carries with it its own interpretation? If so, why then so many quarrels amongst the first reformers? And why such incurable, deadly feuds amongst their numerous offsprings?—a list too extensive for any ordinary memory to carry with it. 'If the Scripture is not plain,' says my adversary, 'then we impugn the Holy Ghost,' which is blasphemy. I reply, that the Holy Ghost himself says, 'Hear the church.' Also, when he tells the apostles, by the mouth of Christ, 'He that hears you, hears me.' And again, by the mouth of St Paul, 'That he gave some apostles, and some prophets, and other some evangelists, and other some pastors and doctors, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ, till we all meet in the unity

of faith . . . that henceforth we be no more children *tossed to and fro, and carried about by every wind of doctrine!* Pray, for 1500 years, who were those promised pastors and doctors? Was there a void, a blank, until the licentious Luther arose? or, we shall shorten it, by the appearance of Waldo in the 12th century? and over whom his followers, (Protestants,) have taken care to throw a thick veil!

“ But what is this boasted private interpretation?” said Mr Ashburn. “ If it is sufficient, why are so many pulpits filled with expounders? If it is sufficient, why do the Irish, the oppressed, starved Irish, groan under an oppressive tax for the support of 2789 Protestant clergymen? At the end of this very volume of miscellaneous matter, which I borrowed of John, are two speeches of Mr Hume and Sir Francis Burdett. I shall read you what the former says on this subject. ‘ According to the account of Bishop Boulter,’ says Mr Hume, ‘ it appears that in 1733 the proportion of Catholics to Protestants was as four to one. This is, comparatively speaking, not long ago. What is the proportion now? Without any law to support them—without any fostering hand to assist their progress, they have gone on increasing until they are now

as six to one, some say more. On the other hand, the Protestants, protected as they are by the state, having every advantage which wealth and power can give, possessing an extensive clergy of 2789 persons,—having four archbishops, eighteen bishops, thirty-three deans, one hundred and eight dignitaries, one hundred and seventy-eight prebendaries, fifty vicars, and one hundred and seven rural deans—(this list I have taken from the Clerical Guide, which is of course correct)—here then is a permanent *staff* in the church—(‘ Well might the House cheer and laugh,’ said Mr Ashburn)—which, if capable of being supported, is surely sufficient to support any establishment proportioned to the country. For what purpose so large a body is kept up, I am utterly at a loss to comprehend. If it belonged to a church of from fifteen to twenty millions of persons, this staff might be in proportion to the body; but for a church of five hundred thousand persons, it affords a spiritual sergent for every ten men! And yet what is the result? Out of a population of seven millions, there are no more than one million of Protestants! And what are they? Are they all Episcopalians? By no means: one half are dissenters! And in addition to the *staff* of twelve hundred and eighty-nine benefices, we

may reckon fifteen hundred subalterns !' This," said Mr Ashburn, " shews that there is small room left for private judgment. ' Three millions sterling,' says Mr Hume, ' a great part of which is wrung from men who are *denied* the rights of *free citizens*, in order to *explain* that which they are *put down* for maintaining ought to be explained. Here is a double enormity, a most cruel and two-fold inconsistency.' Mr Hume says ' the comparison is now six Catholics to one Protestant: in time it may be forty, fifty, sixty. And shall nearly three millions a year be expended in so absurd a manner? that is, in paying at such a rate for expounding the Scriptures to those who do not exist, since in some parishes there is scarcely a single Protestant !'

" Prince Gallitzin goes on to say—' If the old man according to Adam sinned by preferring his own will, at the instigation of Satan, to the will of God, and thus falling under the curse of God, became a prey to all kinds of evils, temporal and eternal, the new man according to Christ, treading in the steps of his divine Saviour, the most perfect pattern of humility and obedience, sees no surer way to recover the blessings lost, than by renouncing the treacherous light of his understanding, and the corrupt inclinations

of his will. My dear friend, ask the Protestant clergyman what he means when he tells us that he will take no guide but the Old and New Testaments? Ask him by what rule you are to find out *infallibly*, which of the many hundreds of interpretations, made at different times, and by different reformers, is the right one? Ask him to tell you what St Paul meant, when he desired the Thessalonians to ‘hold the traditions received by word, as well as those received by his epistles?’ Ask him to point out to you those unwritten traditions? Ask him to point out to you the instructions which our blessed Saviour gave his apostles during forty days appearing to them, and speaking of the kingdom of God? (Acts, i. 3.) Ask him to point out to you the texts of Scripture which command to keep holy the Sunday, or first day of the week, and which does away the Sabbath, or seventh day? Ask him, next, to shew you the text which repeals the prohibition made by the apostles against the use of blood? Protestants, with the exception of an almost nameless sect, who are ridiculed by the rest for their forbearance, eat blood puddings and hare soup, and yet Protestants pretend to follow no guide as infallible, but only what is written in the Old and New Testaments! Ask

him why Protestants do not, according to the command of James, anoint their sick with oil? And also why Protestants do not, according to the positive command of Christ, wash one another's feet? Yet what Protestant does the last, except the little sect mentioned above, and who are heartily ridiculed for this also. To be consistent with his avowed principles, he ought to keep the Sabbath on Saturday, and reprimand his flock for not doing what is *nowhere* countermanded. He ought also to refrain from eating blood: he ought to admonish his elders to anoint the sick with oil: he ought to wash the feet of his friends. You will ask how and why have *we* abrogated some of these things? I reply, on the authority of the church, to which has been promised the perpetual abiding in her bosom of the *spirit of truth*. But you have set aside that guide, and, according to your own professed tenets, are acting in violation of Scripture, and that without any authority founded on, and grounded in, the wisdom of those who, under the influence of the Holy Ghost, organized that church, of which, in old countries, the very stones speak. Your minister next attacks the Apocrypha, and asks, 'Who would believe the histories of Judith and Susannah? and lastly, who would

believe the history of Tobit and his dog, except a Roman Catholic, who can swallow anything?' Others will be inclined to ask him what he thinks of Balaam and his ass, and also of Sampson and his foxes? It is not by the powers of reason that he must seek to establish the canon of Scripture; it must be founded in an unshaken and firm belief in an unerring and infallible authority.'

"He next goes on to notice some remarks made by his opponent on the translations of the Scriptures. The Protestant minister tells us, 'that the Roman Catholic Church, or its rulers, in order to hide the absurdities they taught, were obliged to make a Bible for themselves, so unlike the translation of that sacred book, that they who can read it in the original would scarcely know it to be the same.' Those who live in the neighbourhood of the Protestant minister have a very good opportunity of reading an English Catholic Bible, if they choose to do so; and any one clear enough sighted to discover the priest's spittle, and 'the live coal,' alluded to by the said minister as being in the holy water, will be able to discover the enormous difference between the Catholic and the Protestant Bibles. The truth is, my dear friend,

the two Bibles are not so different as the minister would persuade you; but still there are some differences, even in some essential points, which however may escape the notice of the reader, unless he read very attentively. The question then is,—and it is a very important one,—which is the genuine Bible? He will tell you at once, it is the Protestant Bible. If he does so, pray ask him which of all the Protestant translations he means? for there are many, and they differ from one another, as well as from the original; and the translations made by some Protestants are most bitterly condemned by others. Zuinglius, writing to Luther about his German translation, says, ‘Thou dost corrupt the word of God; thou art seen to be a manifest and common corrupter and perverter of the Holy Scripture. How much are we ashamed of thee!’ Rickman, another Protestant divine, affirms that Luther’s German translation of the Old Testament, &c. has its blemishes, and those no small ones.’ I shall mention only two of Luther’s wilful corruptions. When St Paul, Rom. iii. 28, says, ‘We account a man to be justified by faith without the works of the law,’ Luther translates, ‘justified by faith *alone*,’ &c. to support his aversion to good

works; and when admonished of this foul corruption, his answer was, ‘*So I will, so I command; let my will be for a reason; Luther will have it so.*’ The word ‘*alone*’ must remain in my New Testament, although all the Papists go mad. If thy Papist shew himself angry with the word ‘*alone*,’ tell him forthwith, that a Papist and an ass are the same thing,’ &c. See Luther’s German Writings, vol. v. page 141—144. Also where it is said, II Peter, i. 10, ‘Whereupon, brethren, labour the more, that *by good works* you may make sure your vocation and election.’ Luther here omitteth these words, ‘*by good works*,’ which are also omitted in most of the English Protestant translations. On the other hand, we find Luther rejecting the translation of the Zuinglians, and calling them ‘fools, asses, antichrists, deceivers,’ &c. See Zuinglius, vol. ii.; and Luther on the Sacrament, p. 388, &c. The Tigurine translation was condemned by other Protestant divines; and, as Rospiman writes in his book called ‘The Concord of Discord,’ p. 238, ‘it was rejected with great anger by the Elector of Saxony.’ The translation set forth by Œcolampadius and other Protestant divines of Basil, is reproved by Beza, ‘as wicked in many places, and altogether differing

from the sense of the Holy Ghost.' The translation of Castalio, another Protestant, which Dr Humfrey affirms to be 'thoroughly conferred, examined, and polished,' is also condemned by Beza, as '*sacrilegious and wicked*,' &c. Concerning Calvin's translation, the famous Protestant, Charles Molineus, affirmeth, that 'Calvin makes the text of the Gospel to leap up and down; he uses violence to the letter of the Gospel, and besides this, *adds* to the text.' The same Molineus charges Beza, who was so liberal of his castigation, 'to change the text in his translation.' King James thinks the Protestant translation of Geneva to be '*the worst of all*.' What does all this say? Either that these men were calumniators of one another, or that there were bad translations by those men who set up for reformers. Of the English translations similar complaints were made. In the petition presented to King James by members of the Protestant clergy, page 75, they complain that 'the Book of Psalms alone differs from the Hebrew in at least *two hundred* places.' Mr Carlisle, a Protestant divine, asserts that the 'English translators have *depraved* the sense of Scripture, *obscured* the truth, and *deceived*

the ignorant; that they shew themselves to love darkness more than light, falsehood more than truth.' See page 116, 117, &c. of 'Christ's descending into Hell.' The Protestant ministers of Lincoln affirm, that 'the English translation takes away from, and adds to, the text; and *that* sometimes to the changing or obscuring the meaning of the Holy Ghost; a translation which is absurd and senseless,' &c. See the Abridgment which the ministers of Lincoln delivered to his Majesty, page 11. Mr Burges, another Protestant, thus excuses himself for not subscribing to that Protestant translation—'How shall I approve under my hand a translation, which has many omissions, and many additions; which sometimes obscureth, sometimes perverteth, the sense; being sometimes senseless, sometimes contradictory?' Apology, sect. 6. Mr Broughton, a Protestant divine of great learning, wrote an epistle to the Lords of the Council, desiring them to procure a new translation of the Scripture; and assures the bishops, that 'the English translation perverts the text of the Old Testament in eight hundred and forty-eight places; *and causes millions of souls to run to eternal flames.*'

“ ‘Take notice, my dear friend,’ says the Prince to his Protestant friend, ‘that the reformation had already existed about one hundred years when these complaints were made; and that, when such facilities for correctness were afforded, by having copies rapidly thrown off.’ From the testimonies of Protestants themselves, then, you plainly see on what foundation the edifice of the reformation was raised; to wit, upon the dead letter of Scripture, corruptly translated, curtailed, and perverted, which of course was often not the word of God, and which, besides, every one was to interpret for himself. I need not to a Protestant quote the words of Dr Whitaker: ‘It is not the word of God, unless it faithfully express the meaning of the authentical (or original) text.’ See his Answer to Rein. With this charge in every man’s mouth, against Catholics, of perverting, curtailing, and falsely enlarging the divine word, what is the conclusion we must dread? One of two it must be; to wit, they sin either ignorantly or maliciously. If the latter, I earnestly pray God to forgive past and present sinners; if the former, it is time, far more than time, that truth should be known; and not only so, but it shews how badly qualified such persons are to judge.

The English Protestant Bible, they pretend, is a faithful translation from the Hebrew and Greek *originals*. This I declare to be *impossible*. Why so? Because the Hebrew and Greek originals are no longer in existence. Time, that demolishes the strongest monuments raised by the hands of men, has also destroyed the *originals* of Scripture. The present Hebrew and Greek texts are only copies, which in many places deviate from the originals, of which I shall give you a few instances. First, in the present Hebrew Old Testament, we read, *Isaias ix. 6, 'he shall call Wonderful,' &c.*; whereas, it is evident from the context, and Calvin owns it, that it must be, '*he shall BE called Wonderful,*' &c. Again, in *Psalm xxii. 16, 'they have pierced my hands.'*—The Hebrew text says, '*like a lion*'—which has no sense at all. In *Psalm xix. 4*, where we read, '*Their sound hath gone forth into all the earth*'—which is quoted by St Paul in the very same words, *Rom. x. 18*; the present Hebrew text says, '*their line, or perpendicular, went forth into all the earth;*' which the Protestant minister is perhaps more capable of explaining than I am. The present Greek text is not pure neither, which I shall prove by a few instances: *I Cor.*

xv. 47, where we read, ‘the first man was of the earth, earthly; the second man from *heaven*, *heavenly* ;’ which Calvin confesses to be the true way of reading. The Greek text says, ‘the second man, *the Lord from heaven.*’ Rom. xii. 11. Where the Vulgate says, ‘*serving the Lord,*’ many Greek copies say, ‘*serving time* ;’ which is evidently wrong, as appears from all the Greek fathers who have quoted the above text. Moreover, it is evident that, in many Greek copies, words are added to the sacred text; as, for instance, to the Lord’s Prayer, Matt. vi.—the words, ‘*for thine is the kingdom, POWER, AND GLORY,*’ &c. which words are not to be found in any of the ancient fathers that have quoted and explained the Lord’s Prayer from the holy Scripture. In most of the Greek copies, considerable parts of holy writ are omitted; for instance, the last chapter of St Mark, and the history of the woman taken in adultery, John viii. The *present* Hebrew and Greek, then, of which the Protestant Bible is said to be a translation, is not pure; of course the translation cannot be pure, admitting it to be a faithful translation; which, however, is not the case, as I have proved by many Protestant authorities. It is true, that upon com-

plaints being brought before King James, the Bible was revised; but most of its errors remained untouched, and continue in it to this day.

“The Catholic church makes use of the Latin Bible called the Vulgate, which was published by St Jerome, under the pontificate of pope Damasus, some time about the year 370. *This* is the Bible of which the Protestant minister says, ‘The Roman church, or its rulers, made for themselves, in order to hide the absurdities they taught, and which is so unlike the true translation, that they who can read it in the original would scarcely know it to be the same.’ Many learned Protestant ministers are of a very different opinion. Hear what Beza says in his preface to the New Testament: ‘I do embrace, for the most part, the Vulgate edition, and prefer it before all others.’ And in his annotations on Luke i: ‘The old interpreter seems to have interpreted the holy books with the greatest religion.’ Dr Humphrey, a Protestant minister, confesseth that the old interpreter was much addicted to the propriety of words, and that, over scrupulously; which yet (says he) I interpret him to have done upon religion and not upon ignorance.’ See Humphrey de Ratione Inter-

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pret. book i. p. 74. Molineus, another Protestant, declares, ‘I can hardly depart from the vulgar and accustomed reading, which also I am accustomed to defend: yea, I prefer the Vulgate edition before Erasmus, Bucer, Bullinger, &c. also before John Calvin and all others.’ See Molineus on the New Testament, part 30; and on Luke xvii. Conradus Pellican, another Protestant minister, finds ‘the Vulgate edition of the Psalter to agree for sense with such dexterity, learning, and fidelity of the Hebrew, that I doubt not,’ says he, ‘but the Greek and Latin interpreter was a man most learned, most godly, and of a prophetic spirit.’ ‘We grant it fit,’ says Dr Dove, in his Persuasion to Recusants, page 16, ‘that for uniformity in quotations of places, in schools and pulpits, one Latin text should be used; and we can be contented, for the antiquity thereof, with the Vulgate, before *all* other Latin books.’ In confirmation of this antiquity, Dr Covell, in his Answer to Bruges, page 94, tells you, that ‘it was used in the church thirteen hundred years ago:’ that is, at present, more than 1400 years; or more than 1100 years before the pretended reformation; and he himself doubts not, ‘to prefer that translation before others;’ and he adds, ‘that whereas

there are many Protestaut translations that disagree among themselves; the approved translation, authorized by the Church of England, is that which cometh nearest to the Vulgate, and is commonly called the Bishop's Bible.' Co-vell to Burges, p. 39.

“ ‘ You see then, my dear friend,’ continues the Prince, ‘ that Protestants *do not* agree with your minister in condemning our Catholic Bible; and I do not think that he is able to give any other proofs for his assertion, that the Roman Catholic rulers *made* that Bible to hide the absurdities of their doctrine, except his hatred against the Catholic Church. Hatred and spite, my friend, are dangerous passions, that blind the sight and obscure the understanding. Persons actuated by those passions lose sight of the very first principles of logic, and of all the rules of sound criticism; and condemn, merely because they are determined to condemn. According to the rules of sound criticism, the Vulgate Bible, used in the Catholic church, deserves the preference before all translations of the reformers:—1st. Because it was translated from the Hebrew and Greek, nearly 1100 years before the pretended reformation, at a time that these original sources were much more pure

than they are at present. 2nd. Because St Jerome, the translator of that divine book, was not only a man of great learning, but, in particular, a most complete master of the three languages, Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. 3rd. Because, after being appointed by Pope Damasus to revise and translate the holy Scriptures, he transported himself from Rome to Jerusalem, and spent several years in perfecting himself in the knowledge of Hebrew, and in examining and comparing all the ancient manuscripts of the Bible which he was able to procure. 4th. Because the said Bible, thus translated and revised by St Jerome, was received by the whole Catholic church, at a time when even our adversaries confess it to have been the true church. Most of our enemies suppose that the whole world, during the space of eight hundred years before the pretended reformation, was buried in superstition and idolatry, from about the year 700 to 1500; but the above translation, adopted by the Catholic church, was made about the year 370. Judge then, my dear friend, whether the Vulgate translation, which the Catholic church has adopted as her standard of Scripture, is not far more to be depended upon, as being the genuine, pure word of God, than any of these modern

translations made by reformers, and made by a spirit of opposition to the Catholic church? made without the help of that infallible and unerring *spirit of truth*, which undoubtedly guided the holy Catholic church in approving and adopting the translation of St Jerôme: for Christ had promised (John xiv. 16, 17, and xvi. 13) that the spirit of truth, the Paraclete, should guide the church into *all truth*, and should guide her *for ever*. And, certainly, never was the fulfilling of that promise more necessary than on the solemn occasion of determining the important question, '*which is the pure and genuine translation of the original written word of God?*' The reformed translators of Scripture were left to the light of their own limited and corrupted reason, when they undertook, from corrupt and polluted motives, to draw the pure and heavenly doctrine of salvation from sources which had sacrificed into error; and most frequently from their own heated and diseased brains. No wonder, then, if these translations deviate in many instances from the pure word of God, as is proved by the testimony of many Protestants themselves. You will now understand the several positions contained in the pope's brief against Bible societies, which

the Protestant minister publishes in a tone of exultation, because in it he thinks he finds it completely proved that the Roman Catholic church opposes the reading of Scripture. The leading positions in that brief are:—First, that the Bible printed by *heretics* is to be numbered among prohibited books. Second, that the holy Scriptures, when circulated in the vulgar tongue, have produced more harm than good. Third, as a consequence of the first and second positions, that no versions of the Bible in the vulgar tongue be permitted, *except such* as are approved by the Apostolic See, or published with annotations extracted from the writings of the holy fathers of the church. In all the pope's brief, I do not find a single expression more forcible, or more energetic, than those which I quoted above from Mr Broughton's Epistle to the Lords of the Council; to wit, that the English translation, used in his time, perverts the text of the Old Testament in 848 places, and causes MILLIONS OF SOULS TO RUN TO ETERNAL FLAMES! Let it be remembered, this was a Protestant divine, held in high esteem, and who lived not a hundred years ago. The pope calls the circulating *false* translations of Scripture, and scattering the same by millions

about the globe, ‘ *a defilement of the faith, imminently dangerous to souls.*’ This is certainly correct. If adding to, or taking from, the words of God’s Revelation, will, according to Revelations xxii. 18, 19, accumulate on the persons guilty of that sacrilege all the woes announced in the sacred volume, what else but curses, and the most dreadful punishments, have those to expect who overflow the world with false translations of the word of God, and thus practice the most criminal deception on millions of souls? But even admitting the translations to be genuine, it is not by throwing the sacred volume by millions about the world, that poor ignorant creatures will be converted to Christianity. The Catholic missionaries, who in all ages have preached the gospel, and converted many nations in every part of the globe, found it necessary to adopt a very different method, in order to bring under the yoke of Christ millions of savages, who had of human nature nothing but the outward form,—that were more brutal than the tigers of the forest. With the most ardent charity, with the most heroic courage, and the most persevering patience, they followed them into their almost impenetrable forests; and renouncing all the commodities of life, they

adopted the same mode of living, the same nourishment; had only the cold earth for their beds; in short, they became savage with the savages, in order to gain them to Christ; following Paul's example, as mentioned in I. Cor. ix. 20 and 22. Many of those missionaries were massacred, before even they had a chance of announcing to their murderers the tidings of salvation; but their persevering endeavours were at last crowned with success. About three hundred thousand families of savages, in South America alone, were persuaded to leave their forests and vagabond way of living, to form settlements, and to range themselves under the Cross, the standard of Christianity; and it is proved by the testimonies of the Spanish governors, under whose jurisdiction those Indian settlements were, and also by the testimonies of numbers of travellers, that those Indians were examples of Christian virtue. But take notice, those nations were not converted by *reading* the Bible, but, as St Paul says, Rom. x. 17, by *hearing*; for none of them had any idea of a letter, and even after their conversion, very few of them ever learned to read. Their days were spent in praying and labouring. Without ever diving into the profound mysteries of

Scripture, they listened, and submitted with the docility of children, to their fathers in Christ, and received from the church the doctrine of salvation. In short, they were not Bible-readers, but they were practisers of its commandments. They were not improved enough to measure the immeasurable abyss of Omnipotence, but they had a sufficient share of learning to know, that nothing is impossible to Omnipotence. They were not wise enough to comprehend the profound mysteries of revelation, but had humility and grace enough to believe them. They were not philosophers enough to pronounce on the possibility or impossibility of the mysteries, but had common sense enough to know, that the God of Truth could not be the author of lies and deception. They had not pride enough to sit in judgment over the divine revelations, and to determine their sense and meaning by the feeble light of reason; but they had sense enough to know, that a church guided for ever by the Spirit of Truth, and being the pillar and ground of Truth, could never deceive them. They could not read the Bible, but they received the heavenly doctrines therein contained, digested and accommodated to their limited understanding, from their

spiritual fathers; in hearing them they heard Christ himself, as he says in Luke, x. 16; and not being ingenious enough to know the wonderful power and virtue belonging to the words, which change flesh into bread, life into death, power into weakness, substance into shadow, they simply believed without scrutinizing. They were all united in the bonds of faith and charity; and thus, what the mere reading of the Bible has never produced, was accomplished by humility and obedience. Put the Bible into the hand of the proud, luxurious and corrupt man, and, guided by the corrupt inclinations of flesh and blood, he will find in it what will authorise his criminal passions, especially when he is told to interpret for himself. How many have found an apology for wine-bibbing, in Paul's advice to Timothy! How many have found an apology for worse, in our Saviour's reproof of "let him who is without sin cast the first stone!" How many seek an excuse for open licentiousness, in the vices of the Old Testament Saints! It is not the reading of the Bible itself, then, which the Pope condemns in his brief; it is reading with a bad disposition; reading with pride and self-conceit; reading without deference to the interpretation of the

church ; and especially reading bad translations condemned *by* the church."

Here Mr Ashburn laid down the book and said, " I was so carried away by the author's chain of argument, that I could not stop, as I was inclined, to ask you at the proper place, how it comes that you Protestants scarcely ever hear of the labours of our missionaries? I did not—I mean, that I otherwise could not have known; that in the breast of men there could be such an utter obliteration of gratitude !

I shall call to-morrow, if possible, and read over to you the following columns of true and false translation—but I must deposit the book, if you please, in this drawer, requesting it may not be touched; for on condition only that no hand but mine should come near the volume, could John be contented to lend it. He worked very hard—aye, and perhaps starved hard—before he could purchase this and some others, and he guards them with something of a churlish care."

CHAPTER II.

MR ASHBURN took his seat next day; and, as if he had merely paused from reading Prince Gallitzin, he commenced, after little more than bowing to the ladies, with—"Yes, that poor bewildered creature, Rousseau, was right for once, and that was, when he said, 'You must either be a Catholic or a Deist,' perhaps an Atheist, for I delight not in his works. I have read them as a duty, lest I should fall in with any of his unhappy victims, that I may meet them on their own ground; but in that sentiment he was right. And that sentiment may be quoted with safety; it is in fact perfectly orthodox for if you trace down from Episcopal Protestantism to Atheism, you will find the gradation so nice as to render it almost impossible to perceive where the differences commence and end; but it is certain, that from English Protestantism down to Atheism, there

is one continuous, unbroken chain. You may say, ‘Where all is so nicely blended, where exists the harm?’ Where? Everywhere;—and let him tremble who formed the first link of this fearful chain! O how my heart bleeds for the recreants. How many—I know it—aye, as if it were written in fire before my eyes—how many, within the last hundred years, who have visited us from curiosity, as you and Florence did, have groaned, as they ejaculated, while contemplating our steady, calm faith, ‘O that I had been bred one of those!’ My dear madam, the land is filled with infidelity—but infidelity is seldom pure, unshaken, and stedfast. There are mighty few who can exclaim with that interesting ruffian, Bothwell, as he sunk under the hand of the base, canting Balfour, “*and fearing nothing.*” Yes, the majority of them are wretched. Humanity clings to existence here and hereafter, and the greatest coward would gladly compromise for a long purgatory. But will their doubts cut off a fearful eternity? And upon what can even a shadow of hope rest? The first grand link in *your* chain found the sacred mysteries too manifold, and they cut off five sacraments, reduced the relics to a mere shadow, and made a liar of

their Saviour. Having got rid of so much that was deemed *superstition*, simply because it was *mysterious*—as if *all religion* were not so—the next grade proceed to find even this shadow a superstition, and thus exclaim, What a farce is all this! What is baptism—what is the Lord's Supper? Away with them both! The cautious amongst these, by way of example to the lower orders, and lest the weaker sex should become 'as one of them,' go through the ceremonies, and thus add hypocrisy to infidelity. But why should I dwell upon what I cannot remedy? Rather let me proceed to point out a few of the evil translations.

ROMAN CATHOLIC
TESTAMENT.

1. Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth peace *to men of good will*.
—Luke ii. 14.

2. He said to them, all men *receive not* this word, but they to whom it is given.—Matt. xix. 11.

3. The flesh lusteth against the spirit, &c. so that you *do not* the things that you would.—Gal. v. 17.

PROTESTANT
TESTAMENT.

1. Glory be to God in the highest and on earth peace, *good will towards men*.

2. He said unto them, all men *cannot receive* this saying, save they to whom it is given.

3. The flesh lusteth against the spirit, &c. so that ye *cannot do* the things that ye would.

4. And Jesus saith to her, Woman, *what is it to me and to thee?* My hour is not yet come.—John ii. 4.

5. And when the town-clerk had appeased the multitudes, he said, Ye men of Ephesus, what man is there, that knoweth not that the city of the Ephesians is a worshipper of the great Diana and of *Jupiter's offspring?*—Acts xix. 35.

6. I have left me seven thousand men that have not bowed their knees to Baal.—Rom. xi. 4.

7. Have we not power to lead about a *woman*, a *sister*, as well as the rest of the apostles, &c.?—I Cor. ix. 5.

8. Whosoever shall eat this bread, *or* drink the chalice of the Lord unworthily, &c.—I Cor. xi. 27.

9. And I entreat thee also, my *sincere companion*, help those women.

10. By faith Jacob, when he was dying, blessed each

4. And Jesus saith to her, Woman, *what have I to do with thee?* Mine hour is not yet come.

5. And when the town-clerk had appeased the people, he said, Ye men of Ephesus, what man is there that knoweth not how that the city of the Ephesians is a worshipper of the great Diana, and of *the image which fell down from Jupiter?*

6. I have left me seven thousand men that have not bowed the knee to the *image* of Baal.

7. Have we not power to lead about a *sister*, a *wife*, as well as other apostles?

8. Whosoever shall eat this bread, *and* drink this cup of the Lord unworthily, &c.

9. I entreat thee also, *true yoke-fellow*, help those women, &c.—Phil. iv. 3.

10. By faith Jacob, when he was a dying, blessed both

of the sons of Joseph, and worshipped the top of his rod.—Heb. xi. 21.

the sons of Joseph, and worshipped leaning upon the top of his staff.

11. Brethren, labour the more, that *by good works* you may make your calling and election sure.—

11. The rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure.

II. Peter, i. 14.

12. *Marriage honourable in all, &c.*—Heb. xiii. 4.

12. *Marriage is honourable in all, &c.*

The Catholic texts, here quoted, are a faithful translation from the Latin Vulgate, which, as I said before—but it would appear that it cannot, for the sake of truth, be too often repeated,—was translated from the Greek, in or about the year of our Lord 370, and adopted by the church at a time when most Protestants acknowledge it to have been pure. The Protestant texts are not a faithful translation from the Greek, but seem to have been wilfully corrupted, in order to throw contempt on the Catholic church, or rather to condemn it. Let us go through the several quotations.

Nos. 2 and 3. *Cannot receive*, instead of *receive not*; also *cannot do*, instead of *do not*; go to establish the favourite doctrine of the first reformers, that it is impossible to keep the commandments. This was plainly asserted by

Martin Luther, who expressly says, ‘ Let this be your rule, where the Scripture commands the doing a good work, understand it in this sense, that it forbids thee to do a good work, because thou *canst* not do it.’ Vol. iii. p. 171. Again : ‘ *As it is not in my power—*’ But,” said Mr Ashburn, “ that passage is not fit for your ears ; yet it is a passage in violation of many New Testament texts. No. 4. *Woman, what have I to do with thee?* seems to authorize the contempt which reformers have ever shewn for the Mother of Jesus Christ. Nos. 5 and 6. The word *image*, added to both texts, must have been *foisted* in, perhaps with a view of condemning Catholic images.

“ The addition in No. 5, turns sense into nonsense. The Catholic text, ‘ *and of Jupiter’s offspring,*’ is very intelligible, for it is known from the mythology of the ancients that Jupiter was considered the father of the gods, and that the other pretended divinities were of course Jupiter’s offspring ; but I am much at a loss how to understand the Protestant text, ‘ *the image which fell down from Jupiter.*’

“ In No. 7, where St Paul only speaks of such devout women as, according to the custom of the laws, waited on the preachers of the

gospel, and supplied them with necessaries, of which we see many instances in the gospel, the reformers say, *a sister, a wife*, instead of *a woman, a sister*; in condemnation of the single life of the Catholic clergy. From I Cor. vii. 7, 8, it plainly appears that St Paul was not married.

“ No. 8. The reformers, that they may prove the necessity of receiving the holy sacrament in both kinds, have falsely translated ‘eat *and* drink,’ instead of ‘eat *or* drink.’

“ No. 9. ‘*True yoke-fellow*,’ instead of ‘*sincere companion*,’ must have been adopted by reformers, in order to intimate that St Paul was married.

“ No. 10. The sense here is entirely changed by the addition of the words, ‘*leaning upon*.’ The Catholic text represents the patriarch Jacob on his death-bed, worshipping, in the spirit of prophecy, the Saviour, in which alone he confided for salvation; whose power was prefigured by Joseph the Saviour of Egypt, in whose rod or sceptre, Jacob by faith beheld the future sceptre or power of the Messiah. But the reformers, not relishing this *relative* honour, which savoured too much of Popery, took the liberty to accommodate the text to their own weak ideas and opinions. We would fain wish to know how the leaning upon the top of a staff could be an argument of

Jacob's faith? It is well worthy of remark here, that in late Protestant Bibles it is given *exactly* as above; but in the Bible 'imprinted by Christopher Barker, in 1582,' it is thus: 'and *leaning* on the end of his staff, worshipped *God*;' both words in italics, as the word *image* is, in the former texts. But the translator, evidently aware of the cheat, and perhaps compunctious for it, subjoins the following compromising and very curious note, to wit, '*Or, worshipped toward the ende of his staffe.*' What that may mean, we should be glad to know, if not in the Catholic sense. But farther, see in the same old Bible, Genesis xlvii. 31: It is, '*And Israel worshipped towards the bed's head!*' Note to this passage in the same Protestant Bible: 'He rejoiced that Joseph had promised him, and setting himself up upon his pillow, prayed God.' Is this not making free with the text? The former note, as in Heb. xi. 21. is in italics, the latter not, why, may be puzzling to commentators. Is this not to give *note* and *comment*? But, indeed," said Mr Ashburn, "a Protestant clergyman, named Scott, spent thirty years in making notes and comments upon the Bible, until he has swelled it out into ten quarto volumes! And yet we are *imperiously commanded* to give Bibles, at least to permit their being given, to poor ignorant

creatures, without note or comment ! The price of ‘ Scott’s Bible,’ for it goes by that name, is ten guineas. It is the rich, then, who cannot go to heaven without note or comment ! But, in fact, you will scarcely take up a Protestant Bible which is not far more abundant in that way than ours. At the same Genesis, xlvii. 31, in your late copies, it is, ‘ And Israel bowed himself upon the bed’s head ! !’

“ No. 11. The wilful omission of the words, ‘ *by good works,*’ encourages the abominable doctrine of Luther and other arch-heretics, that faith alone is sufficient for salvation.’ Alas !” said Mr Ashburn, “ do we stand in need of any formal divorce from good works ? Look abroad upon the world, and answer. The face of the waters were not half so troubled. What dove would not gladly seek the ark ? Does not this agree with the words of Luther, who says, ‘ We will neither hear nor see Moses, for he was only to the Jews, neither does he belong anything to us.’ Again, in his Table Discourses, chapter of the Laws and the Gospel, Luther tells us, ‘ I will not receive Moses with his law, for he is the enemy of Christ, Moses is the master of all hangmen.’ And in his sermon of Moses, he says, ‘ The ten commandments belong not to

Christians; let the ten commandments be altogether rejected, and all heresies will presently cease, *for* the ten commandments *are*, as it were, the fountain from whence all heresies spring.' J. Agricola, Luther's scholar, taught the same doctrine. From him come the sect of Antinomians, who taught publicly, 'if there be a woman of incorrect conduct (he uses the worst term) or a man of the same order, or otherwise a sinner, *believe*, and thou walkest in the ways of salvation. All that busy themselves about Moses, that is, the ten commandments, belong to the devil and the gallows, with Moses.'

" Gallitzin goes on to remark on No. 12. Here the word '*is*' is foisted in, probably to excuse the sacrilegious marriages of the first reformers, who had most solemnly consecrated themselves to the service of God in a single life. The Catholic text is, 'Marriage honourable in all,' &c. is a *caution* to those who are lawfully married, intimating plainly that the sacrament of marriage is dishonoured by all liberties or irregularities that are contrary to the sanctity of the state of matrimony.

" The next article in Gallitzin, page 34, letter ii. is on the true sense of Scripture. After

much controversy with the Protestant ministers on the subject of discrepancy in consequence of having no infallible interpretation, he says, 'It would surprise you much, my dear friend, were you to know the wonderful contradictions, in most essential points of doctrine, not only between Protestant ministers of different denominations, not only between ministers of the same denominations, but even between the doctrine of the same minister at one time, and his doctrine at another time. We will begin with Martin Luther, the father of the Reformation, or, to speak more correctly, of Protestantism, whom the learned bishop Tillotson styles a bold or a rough wedge, fit to split the knotty block of Popery; which, however, is not split yet. He says in the 7th volume of his works, Wittemburg edition, page 74, and again in the 13th art. on the Sacraments, 'There are only *three* sacraments.' Again, vol. vii. serm. of the New Test. page 34, he says, 'There are *five* sacraments.' In vol. vii. page 350, he teaches that the holy sacrament of the Eucharist ought to be revered and adored; but in 32d art. against Henry King of England, he teaches the reverse. In his writings against Zuinglius and Œcolampadius, Luther requires, art. 16, that we submit to the deci-

sions of church councils; but in his writings against the King of England, he teaches the very reverse. Vol. vii. p. 262, in his sermon on the first commandment, he maintains the intercession of saints; but in his sermon de Mammona, he flatly denies the same. In one place he says, baptism confers grace and blots out original sin, and that it is necessary for salvation; but presently he repeals all this. These are only a few instances amongst many, to prove that this very Father of the Reformation contradicted himself in most essential points.

“Now hear what the first reformers say of one another, and you will be surprised to find them tearing each other to pieces like wild boars, instead of joining hand-in-hand in their spiritual campaign against what they called Antichrist, &c. ‘We censure in earnest, as heretics and aliens from the church of God, all Zuinglians and sacramentarians, who deny Christ’s body by the carnal mouth in the venerable Eucharist.’ Luther’s Cont. Art. Lovan. Theo. 27. Conrad Schluoselburg, a Lutheran divine, speaking of the Calvinists, says, that ‘Satan speaks by the Calvinists as by his own organs and instruments.’ (Book iii. art. 8.) John Modestus, another Lutheran divine, says ‘They are no Christians, but

baptized Turks and Jews.’ Schuttre, in his preface to the *Fifty Causes*, tells us, ‘The Calvinian profession is a sink whereinto many heresies flow, and the very last anger of Satan, which he stirred up with fury, exercised against Christ and his church.’ ‘Let any holy or friendly reader, (says Osiander, in *Euchiridon contra Calvin*, p. 269,) think what deadly poison Satan pours into men under the Calvinian doctrine, by which all christianity is almost overthrown.’

“Now hear what other Protestant divines say about the Church of England:—‘Ministers of the Church of England are Egyptian enchanters, limbs of the devil, sycophants, angels of hell, in whom are the uttermost deceits and effectual delusions of Satan.’ (Bernard, in his book of *Separatists’ Schism*, p. 72.) The Protestant author of the ‘*Dangerous Positions*,’ says, ‘The Church of England ministers put no difference between truth and falsehood, betwixt Christ and antichrist, between God and the devil. They are an antichristian, swinish rabble, enemies of the gospel,’ &c. (lib. ii. c. 9.) ‘They are all infidels,’ says Allison, ‘that go to the late Church of England:—it shall be easier for Sodom and Gomorrah at the day of judgment, than for the court of parliament by which the Protestant reli-

gion was confirmed. The English congregation consists of all manner of unclean spirits, and is no member of Christ.....those sacraments are no sacraments:—it is a very Babylon.’ (Reply to Usher, 24—5) Hear what Castalio, another Protestant, says, in speaking of Geneva, the very centre of the Calvinian reformation. ‘They name their Geneva the Holy City, and their assembly Jerusalem; but, in truth, we should call it, O! Babylon! Babylon! O infamous Sodom and Gomorrah!’ (Castalio apud Recium, p. 54.) Sir Edward Sands affirms that ‘the contentions of Protestants tend mainly to the increase of Atheism within, and Mahometanism abroad.’ (Ed. Sand’s Relation of Religion, 4, 5, 6.) And Zenthius, another Protestant, (in his Epistle before his Conf. p. 71,) says, that ‘Atheism has been brought out of hell by the ministers of Satan in some of the reformed churches.’ Mr Parks, in his Dedicatory before his Apology, speaking of religious contentions in England, says, ‘By these, settled minds are distracted, the parts of the same body dismembered, and religion itself brought to be a matter of mere dispute and altercation; not without fear that it befall unto us as it did unto the builders of Babel. These contentions are no small preparatives to atheism,

so that we may say....that there are as many faiths as wills, and as many doctrines as names of men;....insomuch, that many are brought to their wit's end, not knowing what to do.' The Protestant bishop Bilson, of Winchester, (on Church Government, chap. 16,) and the above quoted Ed. Sands, both complain of these contentions, and lament 'that they are past all hope of remedy.' And so they are; for I have proved that these multiplied differences and contradictions, even in matters of the first importance, necessarily flow from the Protestant principle of self-interpretation; of course they must continue, and even increase and multiply, by forming more and more sects, whilst it shall continue to be a fundamental principle that every one must draw his religious system from Scripture interpreted by himself.

"You would be much surprised, my dear friend, were you to read the creeds or professions of faith formed by the first reformers, by those who are said to have been inspired, and *sent by the Almighty to reform the Church*, and were you to compare them with the professions of faith of modern Protestants. Supposing the assertions true,—supposing the reformers to have been, like the first apostles, inspired by the holy

spirit of truth, what must be the consequence? The necessary consequence is, that their professions of faith, formed by the inspiration of that Holy Spirit, *must* be *perfectly* true in all its parts. The farther consequence is, that the same professions of faith ought to be, at the present day, the standard of all Protestants in every part of the world; for what is true and genuine doctrine in 1500, must be the same in 1800; and what is true divine doctrine in Germany, must be true divine doctrine in England and America. How much will you be surprised, then, to read in the ‘Confession of Augsburg,’—which is the *first* standard of faith formed by the reformers themselves while yet glowing with all the ardour of Anti-catholicism,—article 3: ‘Mass is retained by us, and celebrated with the utmost reverence. The usual ceremonies are likewise mostly all preserved.’ And article 9: ‘Private absolution is to be retained in the churches.’ Now take up the thirty-nine articles of the church of England and the Book of Common Prayer, which may be called the *first* standard of faith of English reformers, and you find in article 8, the three creeds admitted, viz. the Apostles, the Nicene, and that of St Athanasius; which last positively asserts that, ‘He, who holds not

the Catholic faith whole and entire, shall, without doubt, perish for ever. In article 20, you find that the church has authority in controversies of faith. You also find, in the order of Visitation of the Sick, confession recommended, and absolution by him propagated, in almost the very same words used by the Catholic church. The words are, as you may find in the English prayer-book, ‘ Our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath left power to his church to absolve all sinners who truly repent and believe in him, of his great mercy forgive thee thine offences; and by his authority committed to me, I absolve thee from all thy sins, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.’— In the Ordination of Ministers, you find the following words: ‘ Because through Holy Ghost, whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven; whose sins thou dost retain, they are retained.’ In consequence of this, you also find members of the primitive Protestant bishops and ministers maintaining these doctrines, such as Cranmer, Ridley, Jewel, Parker, Hooker, Bilson, Andrews, Pearson, Laud, Gunning, Ken, &c. &c. By the fifth canon of the Convocation, A. D. 1603, it is decreed, ‘ Whoever shall affirm that any of the thirty-nine articles are in any part superstitious

or erroneous, let him be excommunicated.' After reading these solemn professions of faith, made (it is said) by inspired reformers, and adopted in so solemn a manner, who would not exclaim, 'Thank God! the grand work of the reformation is accomplished; the standard of faith is planted, the true colours of Christianity are flying; the dark clouds of Popish superstition and idolatry are scattered, and the sun of Divine Revelation is illuminating the world!'

"No such thing, my friend; the first reformers proved themselves to be quacks: they did not understand the Scriptures, and their *reformation* must be *reformed*. It was discovered, under Edward the Sixth, that Christ is not present in the sacrament, and the words expressing his real presence are expunged,—for 'the body of Christ being now in heaven, he *cannot* be also in the sacrament.' Under queen Elizabeth, this article twenty-nine is expunged, and *belief* re-adopted! After a little time, the greater part of this is discovered to be diseased—new quacks start up and reform the reformed church. The church of England ministers are by the new empirics declared to be past cure, being nothing better than 'a bloated swinish rabble,' and a new reformation is set up. The farce is not yet

ended. George Fox, the cobbler,—for all are competent to the easy task of expounding the Scriptures,—declares that all his forerunners are fools, shakes his head, groans out the operations of the spirit, and spiritualizes the whole of the Scriptures. From England transport yourself to America, and here you will see the church of England reformed over again, *accommodated* to the *genius* of a free and independent people, dividing and sub-dividing into numberless branches, and degenerating into Deism and even Atheism. The thirty-nine articles, which in England are divine truths, are falsehoods in America. Christ, who is present in the Holy Sacrament in England, has nothing to do with the sacrament in America. The reformation then,—the pretended work of God by inspired man,—is not the same in every place and in every age, as it ought to be, to prove itself the work of God. The reformation of Germany is not the reformation of England, and that of England not the same with that in America! The reformation of Luther is far from being that of Calvin; the reformation of Zuinglius not that of Wesley; nor Wesley's that of Fox: nay, Whitfield and Wesley are antipodes to each other! The reformation of 1517 is not that of

1800 ; and what human being can foretell what will be the reformation of 1900 ?”

“ I leave to yourself,” said Mr Ashburn, “ to read that passage on the Inquisition, which has been grossly misrepresented ; and, at any rate, has in fact as little to do with the tenets of the Catholic or true church, as the proceedings of the Court of High Commission, in the time of queen Elizabeth, had to do with the inefficient (as time has proved) tenets of the English church. Next, a page and a half on our persecuting spirit, in which, as in the Inquisition, there is not only gross exaggeration, but *that* ascribed to priests and to religion which belonged to kings, counsellors, and civil causes, as in the execrable massacre of St Bartholomew, where it is well known that thousands of poor victims found refuge in the houses of Catholic bishops and priests, upon which occasion many of them embraced the true faith. Neither should the ferocity of particular times be ascribed to religion. Two hundred years ago, it is highly improbable that Catholic emigrants would have found the generous protection in England which they met with lately. The faggot (as O’Leary says) which formerly roasted the man at the stake, is now confined to the kitchen, and des-

tined to feed him. The Catholic church so much abhors persecutions for the sake of religion, that the clergymen of that church have, upon all occasions, exerted their zeal to prevent it and to oppose it. Read the letters of the celebrated bishop De las Casas, and you will see how zealously he opposed, and how deeply he deplored, the cruelties exercised in the New World by the Spaniards against the Indians.

“When the celebrated Fenelon was appointed to bring back to the church the Calvinists of France, he was offered military aid, but he absolutely negatived the measure, and used no arms but prayers and tears. Was the church of Rome to be blamed for the ferocity, in the first case, of military, bloodthirsty, gold-loving Spaniards; or in the last, for the inordinate love of power in an arbitrary king? Surely not; yet on such grounds has our church been stigmatized a thousand times. Your clergyman tells me, that our religion is *absurd and contradictory*; yet so firm was the belief of thousands of the clergy in France, and millions of the lay people, in what is thus so rashly stigmatized, that they submitted cheerfully, in defence of these tenets, to the loss of their property, of all that was dear to them on this side the grave, and to the loss of

life itself, rather than abandon this *absurd* faith. Of one hundred and thirty archbishops, and these were generally men of profound learning, only four or five renounced their faith, in order to save their lives and property. The number of priests that renounced their religion was also comparatively small. When one word would have saved them all, must it not appear extraordinary, beyond conception, to your minister, that so many thousands of learned men should have persevered to their last breath in the belief of these *absurd and contradictory* tenets, which their temporal interests, and menaced as they were by the 'reign of terror,' required them *not* to believe? Whilst those faithful pastors, and not less faithful flocks, were laying down their lives for their faith; whilst the soil of France was fattened and its rivers reddened by the blood of these martyrs; Protestants were charitably exulting in the downfall of popery, and prophesying its utter destruction! But has destruction been the result? Look at England, unhappy Ireland, and even this New World, and answer the question. Transportation to Botany Bay, hanging, whipping, tortures, &c. &c. inflicted for saying mass, for hearing mass, for teaching the Catholic catechism, has still not

been able to prevent the encrease of Catholicism in Ireland. Behold nearly the whole population of Ireland deprived of every foot of their real property, ground down by enormous taxes, treated like aliens, nay like slaves, in their own country; compelled to pay the tenth of their produce to Protestant ministers, many of whom have not ten parishioners, and few of whom are resident; every moment at the mercy of vile informers and Protestant spies; who are encouraged by rewards to accuse them of complying with Catholic duties. See the very laws of nature overturned; and the son, by the laws of Ireland, authorized to turn his *Catholic father* into the street; and himself, by becoming a Protestant, and informing against his parent of the crime of being a Catholic, step into the whole of that father's property. In short, behold a system of the most cruel persecution, written in letters of blood, dictated by a Protestant government, (in pure charity, I suppose) and persevering in its cruel operations during two hundred years! And what is the result? Are the victims decreasing? Are the well-paid bishops, &c. &c. &c. &c. who may be said to be fed on human blood and on human tears, thickening their folds? On the contrary, Catholics

are every day increasing, and Protestants every day becoming more scarce, although the latter are lured by every temptation, and the former scared by that which is said to tame even lions."

Although Mr Ashburn had scarcely deviated from the text in this day's reading from Prince Gallitzin, he yet got so warmed with his subject, that in uttering the word "lions," which we are disposed to think he supplied, his face assumed the redness of agitation, and his eyelids sunk so as to conceal the anger which he probably felt was unbecoming; and rising from his seat, he withdrew still more abruptly than he had entered.

Florence, availing herself of Mr Ashburn's permission to read the book, turned over the leaves with avidity, and found that John, in his eagerness to make a volume, had bound together various matter; even two Protestant sermons had found a place in this miscellaneous collection, and in fact preceded Prince Gallitzin's "Defence of Catholic Principles," &c. But her attention was immediately arrested by the Letters of Hierophilos, published in Ireland, upon the various subjects of Bible societies, divorce, and Miss Loveday's conversion. She was surprised, in proportion to her previous

ignorance, to find how very corrupt the Protestant laws are in regard to divorce; and it was not without considerable exultation, that she handed the volume to her mother, and asked, how it came that so pretending a people had such laws, and having such, could act upon them? While her mother was reading that article by the assumed Hierophilos, Florence turned over the other books left by Mr Ashburn, and found the following passage in a Catholic tract, upon the same subject: "What, in a religious point of view, is the practice of divorcement, in Protestant countries, with the intention of marrying, but obtaining indulgences to commit sin? A profligate instance of this occurred a few years ago. The husband of a woman, by whom he had eight or ten children, contracted a criminal attachment to the wife of another man then resident abroad, who commenced an action against the former in the Court of King's Bench, and obtained a verdict of damages against the aggressor upon his own honour and his wife's virtue, to a heavy amount. The injured husband sued out a divorce in Doctor's Commons, which was granted to him, and of course he was free to marry. But his guilty rival was a married man, and what was

to be done? He could not marry his paramour, now divorced, unless he could get a divorce from his then innocent wife. But what will not wit and law achieve? The facility of divorce in Scotland was pointed out, and the wife of the profligate husband, who was probably a weak woman, was trepanned into an attachment to, and improper conduct with, an unmarried gentleman. She was speedily divorced; and at this moment the three pairs are severally united in *lawful* wedlock!"

On looking over the contexts, pro and con., Florence was astonished to see, that on this all-important and most delicate subject, aspersed Catholics held rigidly to the strict letter of Christ's law, while Protestants made an absolute traffic of its violation. Mrs Stanhope urged the profligacy of the Continent in these respects; but Florence put her in mind of two things;—first, that our reports are through the medium of Protestants, and that if they should even be true, we neither know the exact numerical amount, nor the proportion these bear to our insular crimes of a similar kind;—and next, that, be the amount great or small, it is not upheld by law.

"But," said Mrs Stanhope, "you totally

forget the license granted to vice of all kinds through the medium of clerical indulgences."

"We have found ourselves so mistaken on other most important points," said Florence, "that I deny all credit to that allegation, except upon the very best authority."

CHAPTER III.

MR ASHBURN did not appear next day at his usual time, but Mrs Stanhope readily found an excuse in the preparations for the funeral of Dr Campian; and the next day after that was Sunday, so that an interval comparatively long took place; but Florence laid aside the books, observing, that although leave had been given when his mind was under the influence of grief and abstraction on account of his old friend's death, she thought it much better to leave the subject to such discussion, (for the present at least,) as Mr Ashburn's choice or chance might direct.

On Monday, Mr Ashburn was announced at his usual hour of twelve o'clock:—after bowing to the ladies, and Miss Fortescue withdrawing, as she always did on his arrival, he laid two volumes on the table, and said, “I have heard that lovers, living in the same place, rarely go out without

contriving to meet: I cannot tell how this may be accounted for, unless it is that the mind of each being always directed to the same object, no crowd or distance which does not absolutely baffle sight, can prevent the sharp, keen eye of affection from discovering that which perpetually lives in the memory. So I think it is, when any pursuit becomes for a time paramount to all others. Every object you meet with, every book you lift, in some shape or other seems to bear upon it. Here is a book now, which some people, placed as I am at present with you, would deem it wise to conceal. I know you have not read it, for if you had, I am sure you would have mentioned it. As I was coming here on Saturday, I called on my bookseller to procure from him the report of the debates which took place in Ireland in 1824, for you cannot do better than read the speeches on both sides—we fear not comparison, I assure you; but, to my surprise, and rather displeasure, I found he had suffered his stock of copies to run out,—a very careless thing, in respect to so valuable and popular a work; and I was obliged to have recourse to his neighbour, a staunch anti-Catholic: and remark, that I have no dislike to the man on that account; but as he has his natural sup-

porters, it would ill become us to go past those who can look only to us; and therefore, I say, I was *obliged*, and I mention his persuasion in order that I may account for finding this other book upon his counter. No less than two dozen copies, fresh and newly arrived, met my sight, while I confess the title of "Father Clement, a Catholic Tale," excited my curiosity. I opened a copy, for it is a book of a single volume, when the following passage convinced me that the work would do no discredit to the zeal of Mr Rankin, who had it for sale. But first, I must tell you that I was so surprised at what I saw, that I bought the book, and instead of coming here returned home and read it. The book purports, by way of a tale or religious novel, to set forth the abominations and falsities of the Church of Rome, and the purity and truth of yours. Now where is this pure church of yours? You all know what the English Church is. We see its clergy giving in general, in their own persons, the very best exemplification of their contempt of our poverty, our abstinencies, and our labours amongst our people. It is true, we had in this country great establishments, but how was our revenue expended? One third went to the poor, and another to the building, ornamenting,

and upholding of churches. How is your church revenue expended? It is all dedicated to men who minister little, and who either roll in wealth, or pine in a wretched poverty, which has in it no *grace*, and which is often rendered *bitter* and *selfish* by the *impure* and altogether *irrelevant* cares of a family. Ask any curate who has an income of 50*l.* a-year, with a wife and children to support, if it had not been better for him, had he been bound by a vow of celibacy? And his cool, temperate reason will say ‘Yes.’ Ask him if, with those rankling cares, he is either fit *for*, or is in fact much concerned *about*, the souls of his flock? and his cool reason will answer ‘No.’ With the characters of Dissenting Clergymen I am little acquainted: but what is the fruit of their labours? In the most fierce of our feudal times, when it was our labours only that softened down ferocity—that at least is *now* allowed to us—there was not a thousandth part of the vice which is at this moment to be found in this empire. Of the other church established by Government, I mean that of Scotland, I rejoice to think, that though it is in fact no church, as having no lineal or apostolic authority, and was founded in blood, anarchy, and violence; yet it is a comfort to know that its pastors are holy, pure, upright

men, and that, to the best of their limited light and power, they administer to the spiritual wants of their people with a simple and reverend sanctity.

“ The passage which called forth my attention was the following :—‘ I dreaded to tell her,’ says a Protestant of a Catholic, ‘ that her priests absolutely dare to *suppress* one commandment altogether, and divide another into two, in order to *blind* their people; and all this to support the system of image worship.’ Now,” said Mr Ashburn, “ if we consider the time at which this ‘ Catholic Tale ’ was written, namely, when an aspersed people were struggling for *common* rights, we cannot but be struck with the barbarity of using any *uncalled-for* means, even if grounded on *apparent* truth, for the purpose of causing fresh irritation in the minds of a people who are already but too grossly deceived and blinded in respect to seven or eight millions of their fellow-subjects. Now it is *utterly false* that we suppress any commandment at all. The first and second are conjoined, for in fact they constitute one close subject, viz. the oneness of God, and the *non-worship* of any *false* God. But here it is, in that catechism which is taught to all from infancy.

“ ‘ Q. Say the first commandment.

“ ‘ A. I am the Lord thy God, who brought thee out of the land of Egypt, and out of the house of bondage. Thou shalt not have strange Gods before me. Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven thing, nor the likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth; thou shalt not adore nor worship them. I am the Lord thy God, strong and jealous, visiting the sins of the fathers upon their children, to the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, and shewing mercy to thousands of those that love me, and keep my commandments.—Exod. xx. 2.

“ ‘ Q. Why put you all this in one commandment?

“ ‘ A. Because, the Scripture mentioning nothing of which is the first, second, or third commandments, and these words, *Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven thing*, being only an explanation of the foregoing words, *Thou shalt not have strange Gods before me*,—we therefore, with St Augustine, make of them but one commandment, which seems to have been done by Moses himself, Exod. xx. 23, where he says, *Ye shall not make unto you gods of silver*

neither shall you make unto you gods of gold. In which words he plainly includes both in one.'

"Here then you see, not only that we retain the first exactly as you have it, but, in reality, we render the clause forbidding false worship more strong than in yours. There it is, 'Thou shalt not *adore* nor *worship* them.' With you it is, 'Thou shalt not *bow* down to them nor *serve* them.' I need not comment on this, that to *bow* down and to *serve* are done every day *by* and *to* you all. What a petty, silly, childish charge is it, to say that, to *make out* the number, we divide another into two! What necessity were we under to do this, but from a conviction of propriety—yea, even a sacred propriety? We could for that purpose just as well have kept your first and second separate, as divide your tenth into two; but we deem matrimony so sacred a thing, that we did not chuse to put a wife on the same footing with an ox or an ass—nay, to come *after* a house! Satisfy your own eyes. You see there our first commandment, containing both your first and second, with a *stronger* instead of a *weaker* prohibition of idolatry; and you see the best reason in the world for dividing the tenth. But, indeed, upon the subject of matrimony, the first reformers are

well known to have been disgracefully lax. And in fact, I know that the manner in which the tenth commandment, as you have it, is arranged by Protestants, has been the cause of many a ribald joke. But I dare say the bulk of you Protestants believe that the Old Testament came from the first hands divided into chapter and verse, as you have it. Now the first division into chapters did not take place until about the year 1240, when it was done by Hugo de Sanato Caro, commonly called Hugo Cardinalis, because he was the first Dominican that ever was raised to the cardinal dignity. He also wrote a commentary on the Bible, and projected the first concordance, which is that of the vulgar Latin Bible. But the subdivision by verses did not take place until 1445, when it was accomplished by Mordecai Nathan; and I really marvel much that, considering a Dominican and Jew rendered these services, that you do not deem it Lutheran and Calvinistic to throw the whole back into its original sectional state; and as it is doubted if it owed even that division to Moses, it might be more Protestant to render up the whole into one uninterrupted series, excepting only by books.

“ But it is enough for this work, at least at this time, to look at the frontispiece, than which,

perhaps, nothing more insidious ever met human eye. Look there at a part of a crucifix, or, as she terms it, a *crucifixion*, and see how intentionally revolting it is rendered. Then observe the people and the priest. Did you ever see either Mr D'Alembert or myself, or the people, thus praying *to* the crucifix? And this misrepresentation from the hands of one who sat down professedly to correct *pious* frauds! Then, like Sir Walter Scott, in 'The Monastery,' she represents the prohibition of reading the Scripture as a universal and permanent thing, whereas such a prohibition was only *local* and *temporary*, owing to the bad use, of which I can give you a hundred instances, which was made of Scripture in times of sedition. The author ought to have known what was the case *then*, and most imperatively, what is the case *now*. Remember what Gallitzin says on that subject, and remember what you saw on Friday last with your own eyes. *Protestant* Bibles, unless in the hands of a man like John, we do forbid, because they abound in false translations. Now, Mrs Stanhope, when a person sits down to *accuse*, it behoves that person, whether male or female, to be very correct. In the generous ardour of exculpation, we may be

led to excuse an error; but in the zeal which seeks to condemn a hundred millions of persons *here and hereafter*, we look for exact and correct information. I do not say that I would justify false information on any grounds,—no, not to save even a good life,—for we must leave all to God; but I say, that the conscience is less called upon to search to the utmost, when it is exculpation, not condemnation, that we seek. Read the book; I shall not influence you. Only I may ask, do you see ‘something sad about *all* of us?’ as you will see was the case with *all* the Catholics, to a man, woman, and child, that came within the reach of this *Presbyterian*; for the English church was too like us to furnish a hero or heroine for her; while all the Presbyterians were distinguished by meek joy—nay, the child Maude could hardly live for its happiness! And I may also ask you, did you ever see any of us cross ourselves, with a look which said, ‘Let me show the heretic how devout I am!’ There is something monstrously cruel in this. I have already said to you, that I think good novel-writing a most difficult task: it is like painting; and we have in truth as few good novels as we have good paintings; but in the present day, when nothing is so much read as

novels, and when there are many who read nothing else, it is incumbent upon their authors to be very correct. But with the exception of the author of ‘Brambletye House,’ I do not recollect one who shews mercy to Catholics;—of course there are many hundreds that I never read, but I speak of such as I have seen. Yes, I should except that truly philosophic writer, Miss Edgeworth. I cannot absolutely charge my memory on that precise subject; but I think she generalizes too much to scandalize any body of people. There is Lady Morgan, on the contrary, who is a patriot, and who has written much professedly for Ireland, and yet she wounds Ireland to its very heart’s core through its religion. And mark how novel-writers agree in respect to that sacred subject. She states that St Catherine of Sienna was a *well known* and a *base* tool in the hands of the Pope,—than which nothing can be more false. This other lady—for Mr Rankin told me she was a Scotch woman—doubts if such a saint *ever existed*! You cannot but be shocked by the tone of levity with which an account of morning prayers is given, which concludes thus:—‘When dressed, another hour is spent in repeating as many Paternosters, and Ave Marias, and other prayers,

as there are beads on a long string. Most or all of these prayers are in Latin, which she does not understand !' This is dreadful. If the woman did not know the subject she undertook, how base was her presumption ! If she did, how ten-fold wicked her misrepresentations. This *long string* of beads consists of 150. Does she mean to insinuate that the unhappy Catholic repeats as many prayers, and all in an unknown tongue ? If the young woman said *her* prayers in Latin, you may depend upon it she understood the language, for the people *never* pray in an unknown tongue. The rosary, or beads, was invented for those who could not read, when reading was *uncommon*, and when it was *utterly impossible* that it could be otherwise. But is it conceivable that ignorant people would be taught to pray they knew not what ? But see there, in the catechism, what the church *really* enjoins as to morning private service :—

“ ‘ Q. What is the first thing you should do in the morning ?

“ ‘ A. Make the sign of the cross, and offer my heart and soul to God.

“ ‘ Q. What must you do next ?

“ ‘ A. Rise diligently, dress myself modestly, and entertain myself with good thoughts : par-

ticularly by considering the goodness of God, who gave me this day, to labour in it for the salvation of my soul, and that perhaps it may be my last.

“ ‘Q. And what do you do after you have put on your clothes?’

“ ‘A. I kneel down to my prayers, and perform my morning exercise.

“ ‘Q. What is your morning exercise?’

“ ‘A. 1. I bow down my whole soul and body to adore my God; and I offer myself to his divine service. 2. I give him thanks for his infinite goodness to me, and to all his creatures; and desire to join with all the angels and saints, in blessing and praising him. 3. I crave pardon from my heart, for all my sins, and beg that I may rather die than offend my God any more. 4. I offer up to God all my thoughts, words, actions and sufferings, throughout the day, and beg his blessing on them.

“ ‘Q. And what prayers do you say after this?’

“ ‘A. I say, ‘Our Father,’ ‘Hail, Mary,’ and the ‘Apostles’ Creed;’ and I make acts of faith, hope, and the love of God.

“ ‘Q. Do you do anything else?’

“ ‘A. I pray for my friends and for my ene-

mies, for the living and for the dead; and I beg mercy, grace, and salvation for all.'

"You see the impression intended by this author; it is meant to be understood by the whole Protestant world who read her book, and thousands have read it (for it is the fifth edition) that one hundred millions of accountable beings are instructed by, nay, *commanded* by, their priests, to address God in words, to the majority of those altogether unintelligible.

"I am almost ashamed of having polluted my mind by the perusal of such calumnies. How unlike a Christian!—If this poor girl whom she holds up as a scarecrow, was vain of her good works, is that the fault of Catholicity? And I would ask this lady, if there are no vain Protestants *without* good works? Let her go to the streets, and look upon the plain bonnet of the Quaker and Methodist, and ask if some vanity has not often lurked beneath such, *merely* because it was reft of its little ornaments, which, if worn without vanity, is a far better work, in as much as it would give bread to many an industrious pair, and many a lovely, smiling, curly-headed urchin. Yes, yes; all rests in the spirit. Hand me past, Florence, one of these volumes, the third, I think, of

‘ Butler’s Lives of the Saints’—Yes, here it is. I shall read you what is the true spirit of our church. Let me see—the life of St Cunegunda, daughter of the first Count of Luxemburgh, and wife to Henry Duke of Bavaria. After an account of her self-denials and self-inflictions, the biographer says— ‘ Few arrive at any degree of perfection amongst those who aspire after virtue, because they believe as if they placed it barely *in* multiplying exercises of piety and good works. This costs little to self-love, *which it rather feeds* by entertaining a *secret* vanity or self-complacency in those who are not very careful in watching over their hearts. It is a common thing to see persons who have passed forty, fifty years in the constant practice of penance and all religious exercises, and the use of the most holy sacraments, still subject to habitual imperfections and venial disorders incompatible with a state of sanctity or perfection. They give marks of sudden resentment if they happen to be rebuked or despised; are greedy of the esteem of others; take a secret satisfaction in applause, and seek those things which flatter self-love. How much are these souls their own enemies, by not giving themselves to God without reserve, and taking a firm resolution to

labour diligently in watching over themselves, cutting off all irregular attachments and purifying their hearts ! The neglect of this fosters many habitual little disorders, which incredibly obstruct the work of our sanctification, and the advancement of the kingdom of divine grace in our souls. . . . If we desire to cultivate true purity of heart, we must carefully endeavour to discover the imperfections and disorders of our souls, especially such as are habitual, and strenuously endeavour to root them out,' &c. &c. Cunegunda died in 1040, and her life is written by a canon of Bamberg about the year 1152. See also the Dissertations of Henschenius. But your ingenious writer of 'Roman Catholic Tales' may perhaps know that this saint never existed either. There may be an exaggeration in the lives of saints, but it was in their acts, not in the narration of them. There may have been much of enthusiasm mingled with their good deeds, but let us remember, that it was a safe, a holy, an amiable, and a grateful enthusiasm. They deemed that the laying of the whole soul at the feet of Christ, was scarcely an acknowledgment of what he did for us. But truly, if superfluous works in one could be added, as they say we do, to the scanty works of another, all the acts and

all the enthusiasm of the saints, great as they were, will be but a drop in the now vast ocean of self-indulgence, vice, and voluptuousness, by which we are surrounded. Yes, if such was their sentiment—and who knows but they saw in prophetic perspective the immeasurable depth of modern presumption and vice?—if such, I say, was *their* opinion of a transfer of good works, it may be that the macerated body, and the days and nights spent in prayer and supplication, were more for others than for themselves. Fancy to yourself that you could foresee to a certainty that your beloved child would become a murderer, perhaps a parricide, and that if she escaped justice, she should afterwards drag out a few years of fearful existence upon the streets—what would your days and your nights be? Alas! how would your body be macerated by grief—how would your soul be writhed in ardent prayers and supplications! Setting aside what they might and did feel for others, each of these saints knew that in the human heart are the seeds of such vices as I have named. My dear madam, the best in these days make a mock of such things, and they exclaim, ‘O, time enough when we are guilty, for grief, repentance, and self-denial.’ It is now the fashion to mock at these

very saints,—nay, confess the truth, I doubt not that you yourself, who are as much more pure than the great mass, as these saints were than you, smiled when you turned up what you deem the enthusiasm of a Macarius or of a Teresa! But if your passing, thoughtless smile is a sin, a sort of sacrilege, pray what is the conduct of a person, and that a woman, from whom we always expect more justice and piety, who, in cold, calculating blood, could sit down and mock at the very representation of the saints? Look then at the compunctions of a Gregory, I mean ‘the Great.’ See his self-abasements, his self-contempt. See where he says, ‘My works (alluding to that on Job) are not worthy of a place in the churches. Rather read to the people St Austin on the Psalms.’

“Out of several Catholics, she makes them all either knaves or fools in respect to religion, excepting Father Clement himself; she has pleased to make him wise and amiable. But why? Merely that Protestant pity may be called forth on account of so much worth and wisdom being lost to God and man through the dreadful instrumentality of these worst of all men—Catholics. Then she is at the utmost

pains to represent the dying scene of this imaginary person in the most revolting light, to lead the public to believe that every Catholic finds his death-bed a bed of thorns; and that if a priest, or person of consequence, three or four fearful monks attend with some frightful apparatus. Strange! that notwithstanding a life of religious folly, of confession, and of penance, and at last an appalling death, so few comparatively should have left us, and that we are daily adding converts to our numbers."

Mr Ashburn then read aloud the death-scene of Father Clement, but for which we cannot spare room. "And now," said he, "I shall let you hear an account of a Catholic death, that of Charles Gobinet, principal of the college of Plessis, and doctor of Sorbonne. He was animated by a lively zeal for the edification of youth, and his chief literary labours were directed to this object. A work of his, 'The Instruction of Youth in Christian Piety,' has gone through many editions, *in various vulgar tongues*; and it would be difficult to find anything at once so impressive, easy of comprehension, and of so exalting a tendency. He died at Paris in 1690, aged 77. Though his

long and laborious life had constantly presented a model of the sacerdotal virtues, the priest who attended him at his dying hour reminded him, that ‘it was a terrible thing to fall into the hands of the living God.’ But the holy ecclesiastic, more enlivened by hope than depressed by fear, replied to the warning, ‘How sweet it is to fall into the hands of a God who died on the cross to save us;’ and in a moment after expired. Contrast this,” said Mr Ashburn, “with the imaginary death of Father Clement; but do not contrast it under the conviction that all Catholics die like Doctor Gobinet. Much depends on natural constitution, both in *life* and in *death*. Here, in a true story, we see the dying more buoyant and cheerful than his exhorting attendant. If this calumnious authoress did not know that Lutherans and Calvinists are liable to as deep depression as Catholics, she had small right to lift the pen as a delineator of nature.”

“I am astonished,” said Mrs Stanhope, “that you do not write copiously in your own defence. You must have men of talent amongst you, and it is a duty that you owe both to yourselves and to Protestant society, which goes on puffed up with a sense of its own exclusive merit. I see

some sentences here, in 'Father Clement upon Calvinism,' which I think cannot be exceeded for arrogance."

"My dear madam, we may write whole reams, and they would profit us nothing. It is only the excitement of some accidental controversy which can induce Protestants to read a Catholic work. And even then, they are so much under the influence of party wrath, as to bring only a mind firmly made up, a heart swollen by pride, and a temper ill in unison with spiritual candour. The pamphlet is lifted with scorn, and thrown aside with contempt."

It was now the twenty-third Sunday after Pentecost, and the seventh of Florence's attendance at a Catholic chapel. The flush of surprise and the tremor arising from novelty were past, and her attention was settled down into a calm and almost passionless state. She had now a clear comprehension of what was passing before her eyes; and her ears were satisfied that the famed *Latin* service which insulted the reason, "and kept the minds of Catholic lieges in a state of *stupid* ignorance," occupied just about three quarters of an hour; being in proportion to that delivered in English

as one to five ! * “ Where,” thought she, “ is the abuse ? The most ignorant person there is so well instructed, both through the medium of lessons to youth, from its very first dawn, and through that of clear, sensible discourses, not got up for shew but for use, as to be perfectly aware, even if not able to read, of all that is going on during the mass ; and if able to read, they are also able either to accompany the priest *in* the mass,—every word being translated,—or to employ himself in perusing one of the many excellent little books of devotion, composed for the express purpose of assisting the mind at so impressive and awful a time.” She no longer wondered that piety, gratitude, and veneration, should impel the knee to bend at the words, “ And was made man ;” nor did she now start at the three several sounds of the bell ; the first insolemn preparation, excited by the simple but impressive words, “ Lift up your hearts,” and the touching reply of, “ We have lifted them up to the Lord ;” the second and third, at what

* The famous Ignatius of Loyola allowed only half an hour to this service. But much depends on the habits and temperament of the priest. Ignatius himself always spent an hour in it.

has been so much scoffed at, viz. the elevation of the host and of the cup. She found it utterly impossible, after having brought the human mind to believe that God became man, and in order to save man from eternal wrath, submitted to be crucified, to find anything absurd or laughable in being solemnly reminded, by a visible sign, of his elevation *on* the cross. On the contrary, her reason taught her to believe, that we could not too frequently be put in mind of what the Son of God substantially and corporeally suffered for man; and was satisfied that if any thing could check human turpitude and control human passions, it was having this fact brought, as in the Catholic religion, perpetually before our eyes.

Mrs Stanhope too, notwithstanding her deep regret that Florence had ever entered the precincts of Catholicity, could not withhold her assent to the positive fact, that here only could true piety be stirred up, and when stirred up, have a chance for being kept alive. But her mind, though in many respects not so firm as that of her daughter, was, we imagine, more philosophic, although she herself was in utter ignorance of the circumstance; but she had never been, and probably never would be, troubled about

any other road to heaven than that of a conscience as unspotted as ever fell to the share of mortal man or woman.

On the morning alluded to above, both mother and daughter felt unusually pensive, but especially the former, for time and experience had rendered those feelings deep in her, which in Florence were yet merely acute. She considered herself, however unintentionally, as the immediate cause of Dr Campian's death, and probably of the loss of liberty, for a time at least, to the innocent Miss Jessy. Yet, upon the most severe investigation, she could find nothing to blame in herself. There could be nothing positively wrong in her going for once to a Catholic chapel. She had no power over her daughter's health, nor over the chance that brought the Campians to her house; and she had been very far from giving the slightest encouragement to Miss Jessy's wish of living with her. But the one was at that moment lying a corpse, through fear on her account; and the other was made more wretched than even her natural imbecility rendered unavoidable. Florence did not enter so deeply into the subject as her mother, but the tear trembled in her eye, because the person in whom she contemplated, at once her parent

and sole friend, was sad; and as she walked silently up to Crown street, she felt satisfied that it is only in the bosom of religion that she could find peace in this troubled world. Thus she was this day more than usually disposed to a quiescent piety; while her mother, without having any specific charge against Popery (as she called Catholicity) from what she had seen and heard, yet felt that it was at that moment indirectly the cause of a fresh pang and of a fresh reproach. After morning prayers, I mean those previous to the sermon or discourse, and which, by the way, are in the vulgar tongue, Mr D'Alembert, as usual, read from the pulpit, before commencing his remarks on the subject of the day, the directions for the ensuing week, and amongst other things he said—"Of course you are all aware that the indulgence ended on Friday." Had their attention hitherto been free from agitation, and entirely unembarrassed, they must have remarked that on the very first Sunday of their attendance, viz. the seventeenth after Pentecost, the same announcement was made; and that on the twenty-first Sunday after Pentecost, and the fifth of their attendance, the words, "The indulgence ends this day," were distinctly uttered.

However, these intimations had escaped their notice, and now for the first time their Protestant ears were at once greeted, scared, and insulted, by the audacious intimation, that for a space, they knew not how long, these people had been indulged in crime! Dreadful! The words tingled and re-tingled in the ears of Florence, while her fair cheeks, which did not naturally exceed in sanguine hue the palest pink rose, were as deeply tinged with red as that which comes nearest to the damask. "Gracious heaven!" thought she, "have I, in seeking thy gates, been treading the paths to perdition? Have I opposed my pure and already too-much aggrieved mother, in order to vindicate, perhaps to join myself to, a people who thus barefacedly indulge in vice?"

Mrs Stanhope, on the contrary, felt a sensation nearly approaching to joy, and although she was aware that Florence would investigate this to the utmost before she yielded, yet of a decided victory in favour of Protestantism she did not now entertain a single doubt. But naturally just, she could not help asking herself if it were right thus to rejoice that so large a portion of mankind, who bore the badge of that which was to have saved the world,—not less than one hun-

dred millions of souls,—should be in such disgraceful error?

While she was pausing on this very conscientious question, her daughter was covered with shame, remorse, and confusion; and neither of them had paid the slightest attention to the commencement of Mr D'Alembert's discourse. Glover remarks, that there is nothing in the tingle of a bell, as belonging to itself, but all in the time at which it is heard. So there is surely, if possible, less in silence, as belonging to the mere absence of voice; yet, although Mr D'Alembert had spoken in vain to the ears of Mrs and Miss Stanhope, a dead pause had effected what his eloquence had failed to produce: both ladies started, and each fixed an eager eye on his face. There they met neither the inquisitorial look attributed to Jesuits; nor the supplicating, humble eye of the government Methodist, such as they had seen in the North; nor the fierce Knoxonian gaze of the dread polemic; but merely that expression which accompanies the pause of a speaker when he would say, "What is the matter?" But it was impossible for Mrs Stanhope not to feel that his look was directed to herself. He still paused, but at length began with, "I may well remem-

ber the story of Demosthenes, who, when his eloquence failed to rouse even ordinary attention, far less conviction, awakened the former by an idle tale. Do not for one moment suppose that I liken myself to Demosthenes in point of eloquence; far, very far from it; but neither in zeal nor in good faith shall I shrink from a comparison with him. I have spoken for ten minutes, not in nicely-turned periods, for I have not studied the melody of speech; not in flowers and figures, for I have not sought its ornaments; not in cajolment, for ours is the strong voice of well-accredited authority; but with this beautiful portion of Paul's Epistle before me, and which most of you have but just read, it is strange if I should not find subject matter of strong interest for such time as I have to bestow. Such Protestants as know even *that* much of our service, tell us, that we go on in the same round, year after year. But they ought to know, that we are not arbitrarily confined to such portions of Scripture as each day presents, and that if we even were so, most, if not every portion, beyond a couple of sentences, presents a variety of impressive topics. Here, for instance, the first sentence affords an example of apostolic authority. How much may be here adduced in

favour of our peculiar doctrines, upon the necessity of pure conduct in the pastor, and of obedience in the flock? Of the second sentence I shall say nothing at this moment, for it is my subject for the day. Of the third—Ah! why did I not rather fix on it? Upon this day too, when my earliest, my truest, my most beloved friend, lies dead to this life! No; it is too touching for me—I could not dwell upon it. It is too sublime for me—I could not render it justice. Suffice it then to say, that it carries me back to that period when conduct was as pure and unmixed as was the faith of those who bore the august name of Christian—to that period when the world teemed with those holy, self-denied men, who are now the mock, the scoff, the butt for licentious wit—to that period when it might truly be said, that with some, ‘Heaven had descended to earth.’ The third sentence is full of love and of admonition; the fourth supplicates to what is one of our distinguishing and peculiar marks—Unity; and upon the fifth, were I like our enemies, how might I expatiate! But for the present, let it pass. I had for ten minutes spoken of the grief which I share with Paul, for those who are enemies to the cross of Christ; whose end must be destruc-

tion ; whose mere palate is their God ; whose glory is their shame, and who mind only earthly things. One would think, that merely to point at such vital subjects would move attention—move it, do I say ? screw it up to the last pitch, and nail it down for the time present *at least* to a determined point. But no ; there are some here who seemed unconscious of our speech, and who could be moved only by our silence !”

There was something so quaint in the whole of this address, and so true in its conclusion, that Mrs Stanhope could scarcely repress a smile, and, as if even that could not escape him, he immediately added : “To such as are unused to our modes, I may seem absurd—nay, even some of my own people are not slack to say, that I am betimes too vehement—too particular—nay,”—and there was an expression of scorn—“too authoritative. This last comes from the leaven by which you are surrounded ; and though, like Paul, I may weep over it, I have ceased to wonder. For the other two alleged defects, I have only to ask, if a man is not vehement when his subject hangs between heaven and hell, when *will* he—when *may* he be so ? And for particularity ! why, were I to name you, it would scarcely suffice to make you start back from the

yawning gulph which lies at your feet." Perhaps many others, conscious of inattention as well as Mrs Stanhope and her daughter, were now roused to a full and devoted application of their faculties to the discourse which followed, and which grew out of the words, "Who mind earthly things."

CHAPTER IV.

IT were affectation to deny, that our first object, when we lifted the first sheet of these volumes, was to make a book; but it is equally true, that our next, and our wishes were ten times more fervent on that point, was, to make that book subservient to justice, and to *relative* truth. Let it be remembered, we do not say “to truth abstractedly,” but “to truth relatively.” Our object of making a book is far more than accomplished, for our materials greatly exceed our wants, and the sole difficulty lies in the right choice of those materials. On this subject, we have invoked our judgment with as much ardor as ever poet invoked his muse, but we tremble for that judgment, for even if our vanity would magnify it into an equality with that of Solomon, or any other proverbial sage, how can we be sure that feeling will not sometimes obscure it? Doubtful as we are of our judgment, we

would fain take refuge in our principles, and these, the reader may be assured, will render us altogether unbiassed. Having then, far more matter than we can possibly dispose of, we must be denied the pleasure of reporting Mr D'Alembert's sermon, though, as our readers must have observed, we are particularly gifted that way; and merely say, that Mrs Stanhope came away indignant that a man should so dare to address his people, when probably for months he had been allowing, if not selling, indulgences in all that he had been censuring; and Florence, though after the first surprise she suspended her judgment, was yet greatly startled.

It was the custom of both these ladies to be entirely silent when deeply moved. Mrs Stanhope was strongly agitated by hope, that now her victory was secure. Strange, that a woman of so generalizing a disposition should on this one subject be so particular! What does this prove? We leave the solution to the sagacious reader. Florence was agitated, and very deeply, between hope and fear. Is it possible, that in six weeks a sensible young woman had in reality become so attached to a new—what shall we call it?—surely the actual faith is the same—well, then, to a new modification of the same

faith—as to be really agitated on the score of its purity? We think not, and ascribe much to the worth of Mr Ashburn, which she actually knew; and to the uncommon elegance of Mr D'Alembert, which she saw; and to both of which she had become so much attached as to love their owners, and for their sakes in a great measure, their cause. Be that as it may, her desire to know the real truth was as irrepressible as any desire could be in a well-regulated mind; that is, if no positive and justly recognised authority interfered, she would compass the globe to ascertain whether Mr. D'Alembert, the most stern and severe of all moralists, and Mr Ashburn, the most just and benevolent of all men, sold sins at so much per head.

The first interruption she gave to their silence was a request that they should have a coach home; to which her mother willingly assented. As soon as they were seated, she said, “My dear mother, you have been most kind and indulgent, and I fear I have caused you much uneasiness of late; but indeed you must still extend your indulgence—would that all which bears the name were as innocent, and I trust as safe. I must, if you please, this day understand

this subject. I know all that has passed in your mind; there I may guess, as does that energetic and interesting man, Mr D'Alembert, you hope that I must now be satisfied of the utter worthlessness of this religion. I am, I confess, greatly startled, but I am not yet disposed to abandon the subject; and I solemnly promise, that if it is as you suspect, and as I know the generality of Protestants assert, I shall never enter a Catholic chapel more, at least not as a partial and to them well-disposed auditor. I have turned over in my mind how to procure what may be deemed unbiassed, *unprepared* information. You must not suppose that for one instant I imagine Mr Ashburn capable of giving a gloss to this matter; but though I cannot believe him to be a professional impostor, I can still believe that he may have a good deal of what may be termed professional sophistry, and I will, if you please, go to a simple, unlearned Catholic. You recollect that sour-looking woman, Ann, said her husband would be glad to see us; and that if we were Protestants, he would be happy to be of use, or if Catholics, to hold friendly conversation with us?"

"Yes, I recollect that."

“ Well, let us go to him. Engage this coach to come to the chapel for us, and we can drive straight to Ambrose’s.”

Mrs Stanhope mused, and before she had time to reply, the coach stopped. After sitting down, she said, “ I have no objection but one to your plan, Florence, and that is the obscurity of the place: should that vile man (for I have no doubt that the person who was watching at Mr Ashburn’s, and next morning here, is a spy upon us, and is the same who wrote to poor Dr Cam-pian) see us, it is hard to tell what construction he might put on such a visit.”

“ I think,” said Florence, “ that ever since I can recollect in a rational manner, which is for at least ten years, that yours has been a life of caution. Have you gained one single benefit from your fears and your precautions? Have you been less watched or less calumniated? I am confident the very reverse. On the contrary, your timidity—can you pardon the liberty—but I would almost say, cowardice; and no wonder that one so gentle, under such circumstances, became a coward—has whetted petty tyranny. Believe me, the gentle, timid quarry excites far more interest, and far more watchful irritation, and a far stronger desire in its oppres-

sor to seize upon and devour it, when in a state of skulking concealment, than when fairly bounding over a free open space. From an excessive desire to avoid notice, you have created it, and under the very worst phasis.—‘Who is that lady?’—‘I don’t know.’—‘How long has she been here?’—‘A few months.’—‘And how often have you seen her out?’—‘Except on Sundays, not as many times.’—‘Why, I wonder, is she so retired? there must be a cause—debt, perhaps—or may be worse.’ Such, I have no doubt, is the manner in which you have been talked of. I am now grown up.—You smile.—It is true I am only a female; but I have learnt courage from your want of it. Let us commence a new mode; and let us neither avoid nor court publicity, and above all, let us be independent.”

“And you would make your debut by a call upon a pit-man, in an obscure, suspicious-looking quarter, in the dusk of a November Sunday evening!”

“Mother, if a person of your sense can be terrified to such a pitch by the phantom *Appearance*, how must the silly crowd of unthinking fashionables be enslaved! Suppose you heard this instant, that your paying a visit to the poor pit-man would save his life, or that of his discontented wife, would you hesitate to go?”

“ Most assuredly not.”

“ And yet far more than life is at stake. Recollect what Mr Ashburn said at the commencement of our acquaintance, that opinion is like an inverted cone. It must begin at a single point. This is the age of enquiry. Is all else but Popery to be investigated? If Catholics are suffering justly, it is well, let them suffer; but I shall know what it is against which our forefathers protested, and why I myself bear the name of Protestant. Catholics—I do believe, the very meanest of them—know the meaning of the term by which they are distinguished as a Christian body; but I solemnly declare myself utterly and entirely ignorant of the root and origin of the term Protestant, applied as it is to Anti-Catholics.”

“ My dear Florence, how can you say so? You know that our forefathers protested against the supremacy of the Pope—against his alleged powers; against transubstantiation, the sacrifice in the mass, purgatory, indulgences, the use of beads, idolatry, and a great many other things.”

“ Yes, I know all that; but I find that Scripture carries them completely through in what we have discussed; and on other points we both see

that there is most scandalous and gross exaggeration. Now I don't believe they worship images. I hesitate as to indulgences, because such a practice runs counter to all we have seen and heard for six weeks; and as to the use of beads and many other things, I believe they can be satisfactorily explained. Do you consent? Shall we order a coach to take us up at the chapel?"

"Yes, I do consent, for I would willingly set this matter at rest for ever."

The afternoon's service presented nothing extraordinary, and at its close the ladies found the coach in waiting. They were speedily put down at Pitman's-row; and having desired the coach to wait for them at the end of the little street, Florence, like one on air, led the way to the house of Ambrose. We say like one on air, for she was again assured. It was indeed impossible to look upon the steady, sensible countenance of Mr D'Alembert, and to mark with what visible pain he alluded to the mere possibility of crime in his people, and believe that, in any shape whatever, he could sanction vice. She tapped at the door of Ambrose with that lightness and rapidity of touch which betokens hope; and as she faced her mother while waiting to be admitted, Mrs Stanhope could not help

smiling at the sparkling animation of her daughter's face, and for an instant she almost wished that she might not be disappointed. The door was opened by Ann, who eying them charily, seemed, notwithstanding her former invitation, to hesitate as to their admittance.

"Is Ambrose at home?" said Florence.

"O yes, ma'am; you're the ladies that was here with Mr Ashburn. Yes, yes; walk in; Ambrose will be glad to see thee; he thought it was his nephew Philip, though I was sure it was a knock of a different sort, for Philip's knuckle comes on like a great hammer, as well it may, for he's a stout man."

By this time Ann's breath was exhausted; but though she looked wistfully at a chair, she did not fail to apply a cloth, which seemed ready for the purpose, to a couple of seats which shone from frequent attrition; and then, begging the ladies to sit down, she dropt into her own like a person quite worn out.

"I see," said Florence, "Mr Ashburn was right; you are very fond of a clean house, and yours does ample credit to your labours; but you seem so unfit for the slightest fatigue, that I cannot comprehend how you manage to keep

this large floor, and everything else, so entirely clean."

She sent a ghastly and discontented glance around her apartment, and replied, that in her prime, and long past it, she would have been ashamed if her father's byre had not been in better order.

Ambrose, during this short colloquy, had merely turned his left leg over a form, on which, at their entrance, he was sitting as if on horse-back; and it seemed, from the intensity with which he still kept looking upon a book, that he had taken that position in a fit of abstraction; but he now laid aside the volume, and said, "Aye, poor body, she is very frail; but she will work on to the very last, I believe, for cleanliness is a kind of second nature to her, and my business is a sore trier to her temper, and a sore tax upon her small portion of strength, for I come into this house every night at six o'clock, if we have fortun'd weel, as black as that oven mouth."

"Hout no, hinny, no sae black as that; it took me a whole hour to rub that into a right hue and a proper shine. No, no; thank God, I can always see the grund of thee's face; and a bonny little man was Ambrose yence."

This assertion was still evidently true, for though scarcely a bone in his body had not been occasionally broken, dislocated, or bruised, his face had escaped, and still presented a neat regularity of features.

Mrs Stanhope now felt anxious to commence her interrogatories, but how, was the question. "Have you been at chapel to day, Ambrose?"

"O yes; I'm sore done out, indeed, if I miss that."

"You hear Mr Ashburn, I suppose?"

"Yes;—some like Mr D'Alembert better, and some like Mr Taylor better, and some one and some another, for we have six altogether in and about this town and district; but for my share, take Mr Ashburn out and out, and you will find very few to surpass him. Are you a Catholic?"

"No, I am not; but for some weeks I have heard Mr D'Alembert."

"Yes, he's a great man, and has stirred up many from great sloth, and has made many converts; but I think he's a touch over fine for me, and over harsh. I cannot say but I was feared the only times I ever heard him. Mr Ashburn is more pitiful."

“ I am sure,” said Florence, “ Mr D’Alembert looks more mild than Mr Ashburn.”

“ Yes; but may be he is obliged to nature for that. You see he is still a man of singular good looks, and I’se warrant he’s upwards of fifty; aye, and more. I remember him more than thirty years back, and he was then a perfect picture; but, as they say, fancy passes beauty, and I like Mr Ashburn better.”

“ Yes,” said Florence, “ you admire the one and love the other.”

“ Something of that sort, I make no doubt,” said Ambrose.

Mrs Stanhope’s heart now beat thick—ten times it was upon her tongue’s point to say, “ I am surprised to hear the time of indulgence announced so publicly;” but as often the words died away. She looked at Florence for aid, smiling at the same time at her own imbecility.

Florence cleared her voice, hemmed once or twice, and at last, with the determined resolution of a patient who has resolved on swallowing the bitter draught, she said, “ My mother and I were much surprised this morning on hearing Mr D’Alembert say, ‘ Our indulgence ended on Friday.’ ”

“ I doubt not,” said Ambrose : “ little surprises ye, Protestants.”

“ *Little !*” said Mrs Stanhope, her courage rising at such effrontery ; “ do you call that *little* ?”

“ No,” said Ambrose, “ I am wrong ; it is not little. It is one of the greatest mercies that it has pleased God to bestow on sinning man. But I meant—indeed I cannot rightly explain myself—I mean, that you are all so ignorant, that very little begets surprise in you.”

This was a strange charge from an ignorant pit-man to a fine lady ; but no doubt he alluded to relative and particular ignorance.

“ I should be sorry,” said Mrs Stanhope, “ to put any improper question, and I hope you will excuse me on account of that very ignorance, which I confess is shamefully great, considering how much we presume on our Protestant knowledge ; but I am most anxious to know on what terms your indulgence is granted.”

“ On what terms ?—Surely ! Ann, hand me that ould Directory. The terms, or the ‘ conditions,’ as they are called, are here. We have eight different periods : at Christmas, Lent, Easter, Whitsunday, the feasts of Saints Peter and Paul, the Assumption of the blessed Mary,

at the festival of St Michael, and at All Saints. Some of them are always of the same duration; and others, the three last, are sometimes shorter, and sometimes longer. Now we make no secret of these things. Anybody may buy that book for a shilling. But you want to know the Conditions."

He read as follows:—" *Conditions of the second, fourth, and eighth are*,—1. That the faithful confess their sins, with sincere repentance, to a priest approved by the bishop. 2. That they worthily receive the holy communion. 3. That if their state and condition allow it, they give some alms to the poor, either on the eve or on the day of their communion. 4. That on the day of their communion, they offer up some prayers to God, for the whole state of the Catholic Church throughout the world; for bringing back all straying souls to the fold of Christ; for the general peace of Christendom, and for the blessing of God upon this nation.

" *The conditions of the first, third, sixth and seventh are*,—1. That the faithful confess their sins, with sincere repentance, to a priest approved by the bishop. 2. That they worthily receive the holy communion. 3. That they visit some chapel or oratory, where mass is cele-

brated, and pray to God for the peace of his church. 4. That they be in a readiness of mind to assist the poor with alms in proportion to their abilities; or to frequent catechism and sermons as often as they can do it without great inconvenience; or to afford their assistance to the sick, or to such as are near their end, out of the motive of Christian charity.

“ *Note.* It is not required for gaining these four indulgences granted by Pope Benedict XIV, that these works of mercy, corporal or spiritual, or the assisting at catechism or sermons, be done on the same day with the communion; but only that persons be then in a disposition or readiness of mind to do these things, or some of them at least, when they may have an opportunity.

“ *The conditions of the fifth are,—*1. That the faithful confess their sins, with sincere repentance, to a priest approved by the bishop. 2. That they worthily receive the holy communion. 3. That, for some space of time, they pray to God, with a sincere heart, for the conversion of infidels and heretics, and for the free propagation of the holy faith.”

Mrs Stanhope listened most attentively, but still, as he went on, heaping vituperation in her own mind upon such scandal, while Florence,

yet ignorant of what was granted, rejoiced that the conditions, at all events, were so pure, pious, and in many cases so morally efficient.

“The conditions,” said Mrs Stanhope, “are certainly a strange contradiction: that a man should be enjoined to pray or bestow charity, or be loyal and well disposed to his country, and indeed to all the world, in order that he may lie or steal, is wonderful!”

Ambrose pulled his spectacles from his little well-set and somewhat too thick aquiline nose, and gazing upon Mrs Stanhope for about a minute, at last said, with a look of excessive contempt, “It is far more wonderful, that a woman come to years should believe such nonsense. I have heard, and I acknowledge it was one cause for my something disliking Mr D’Alembert, that he says, the man who spends an hour upon a Protestant in the way of religious instruction, only robs his own people of that precious hour, for that they always bring with them an equal portion of ignorance and obstinacy! No doubt he is wrong; because, as Mr Ashbuan says, it matters not what you bring; it is still our duty as Christians, and as Christians so highly favoured, to endeavour, through good report and bad report, at bringing you to the

Lord. But, after all, is it any wonder that he shuns Protestants, if he has often had such provoking things cast in his teeth?"

Ambrose put an elbow on each knee, and placing a hand on each side of his face, he sat silent for some time; and then exclaimed, "Yes, I think I have found out the way to make you understand this matter. Suppose,—which God of his infinite mercy forbid,—that I have committed a murder——But stop; we must lay a foundation, for without that no man can build; you may just as well expect to find coal without horse-labour, or certain safety in a Davy, as build without a foundation. Do you believe that Christ chose Peter as the rock that his visible church was to be built on?"

"Yes; that is certainly proved by Scripture."

"So far good. Do you believe that Peter had the power of binding or of loosing?"

"I see Scripture for that also."

"Do you think that the power died with Peter, or do you believe that he was to hand it down to his successors?"

"Really, if we suppose the power was to die with Peter, I can see very little use in its being granted. But I frankly confess, I knew nothing

of this a month ago. I am indebted to Mr Ashburn for that light upon the subject."

"Then why should you come to a mean, ignorant person like me? Mr Ashburn can explain the doctrine of Indulgence far better than I."

"No matter," said Florence; "go on, if you please."

"Well, then, in one part of our foundation you seem pretty safe; but there is another still. Do you know that a priest *cannot* reveal what is told to him by confession?—that he would sooner be torn to atoms?—and I am assured, that there is not a single instance of a priest divulging a confession. Philip, my nephew, says, he looks upon that as a miracle, and really it seems nothing short. Suppose then, as I said before, I commit a murder, which, as I also said before, I pray God to save me from—do you imagine that I believe that the Pope can of himself pardon that crime? Surely not but through contrition on my part, and by a deep and bitter repentance. Our church does not teach that by indulgence the Pope can forgive any one mortal, or, as my neighbour, John the shoemaker, says, even venial sin. But suppose I commit this sin, and confess the

same to the Pope, or any other priest, he will first satisfy himself that I have true faith in Christ; and he will next satisfy himself that my faith produces true repentance. It is possible, in so aggravated a case, that the priest would implore me to offer myself up to the laws of the land; but of that I cannot assure you; but from the conduct of any priest I have ever known anything about, I think he would do so. If, however, for the sake of my friends, and, may be, from a mortal fearfulness, I resolve to live, there is no doubt, that on being satisfied, from my contrition, and my compliance with severe penances, such comfort will be held out to me as Peter was empowered to give. But if my penance is heavier than I am able to bear, it is certainly in the power of the priest to grant an indulgence, and to abate me somewhat of it."

"Then you utterly deny that any sum of money can purchase an indulgence to commit sin?"

"I must just repeat what I said before, that I wonder any reasonable woman, who, I am sure, cannot be less than eight and thirty, or may be forty, years of age, can suppose such nonsense. Surely you have read the history of your country; and surely you cannot but know

that the cause of what you call the Reformation—it would be but decent to give it some other name—was because the Pope would *not* give an indulgence. If the Pope would have given Henry an indulgence to have as many wives as he chose, we should not have seen our fine old cathedrals empty on the Lord's day, nor six thousand Catholics in this very district without the possibility of attending divine worship. But I shall let you hear what Dr Lingard says about indulgences.

“The Bishop of Durham attacked us Catholics some years ago, and Dr Lingard wrote some tracts and letters upon the subject. I am sure Mr Ashburn will recommend the book to you, and I will read you, in the mean time, this passage. He says: ‘Before I conclude this subject, I may be allowed to ask how the clergyman (the man he is answering) will prove that the Catholic is more indulgent to the sinner than the doctrine of the Protestant church. According to the latter, as far as I can learn, all that is required for the remission of sin is clearly, sorrow for the offence, and a fixed determination to amend. Now, all this the Popes require in their bulls; and besides this, confession and the performance of some good work. Our indulgences,

considered in this light, cannot be more subversive of morality than the practice of the Established Church. If the purity of our doctrine has sometimes been polluted by the vices of those who maintained it, that need not be matter of surprise. Avarice could infect one of the apostles of Jesus; can we wonder if, at different periods, it infected some of their successors? It could creep even into the Church of England, a society small in comparison, and but recently established, for the purpose too of putting down the errors and corruptions of Popery. Can we wonder, then, if it has sometimes found its way into a body infinitely more numerous, and which has subsisted through a long succession of ages? Catholics have lamented these abuses as much as Protestants can do; and if any opponent will consult the acts of the councils during the two centuries preceding the Reformation, he will find in them canons as severe and apposite as any which, for a similar purpose, have been enacted by the present Church of England. Should it then be asked why these abuses were not abolished before the Council of Trent, the Protestant Clergyman need not be at a loss for an answer. He must be well aware of the common defect of all religious establishments. An elegant and in-

structive writer remarks, in a tract, entitled, 'An Enquiry into the Moral and Political Tendency of the Religion called Roman Catholic,' printed for Robinsons and Faulder, p. 27: 'When abuses have once crept into religious establishments, which will always attend every government and every institution administered by man, the want of that quick discernment of faults, which is more readily found in enemies than in friends, prevents many disorders from being rectified, many abuses from being reformed, and many spirited yet salutary measures from being carried into execution.' This truth has been fully exemplified in the reformed Church of England.

"A bungler may see a defect," said Ambrose. "Had I been writing that, or at least had my nephew Philip been writing it, he would have said, '*reforming* Church of England.' But when you gentry write, I sometimes think ye're a thought over polite. Dr Lingard says further, in a note here: 'As so much has been said upon indulgences, I hope the clergyman will accept in return of two Protestant indulgences. The first was published by the pious Luther, and contains a perpetual indulgence, under certain circumstances, for the commission of adultery.

That it may be concealed from the eyes of the profane, I shall transcribe it in the original language.' I cannot read it," said Ambrose: "can you?"

"No: but if it may not meet profane eyes, it may less meet modest ones," said Mrs Stanhope; "so we have nothing to regret."

"Very true.—Well, 'the second Protestant indulgence is granted by Luther, and seven other divines, to Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, to have two wives at the same time. For the edification of the public,' says Dr Lingard, 'I shall extract a few passages, and translate them into English. The bull itself may be seen in the original Latin, in Bossuet's Variations. In his declaration to Luther and Melancthon, the Landgrave had informed them that he had never loved his wife, and that he had not been faithful to her, and that he led a dissolute life, which he could not abandon. For these reasons he begs a dispensation to have two wives. In their answer, after some preliminary observations, they proceed thus:—'But if your Highness do not abstain from an impure life, because, you say, it is impossible for you to do so, we should wish that your Highness were in a better state before God..... But if your Highness be fully

resolved to take another wife, we judge that it ought to be done secretly, as we have said before, with respect to the dispensation; that is to say, that none but the lady herself, and a few trusty persons, obliged to secrecy under the seal of confession, know anything of the matter. Hence it will not be attended with any important contradiction or scandal. For it is not unusual for princes to keep mistresses; and though the vulgar should be scandalized, the more prudent would understand this moderate method of life, and would prefer it to adultery, &c..... There is no need of being much concerned for what men will say, provided all go right with conscience..... Your Highness not only hath, therefore, the approbation of us all in a case of necessity, but also the considerations which we have made thereupon..... We are most ready to serve your Highness.—Dated at Wittenberg, the Wednesday after the Feast of St Nicholas, 1539, and signed—

“Martin Luther. Adam.

Philip Melancthon. John Laningue.

Martin Bucer. Justus Wintferte.

Anthony Corvin. Dionysius Melanthon.”

“Now,” said Ambrose, “what think ye of your reforming Church?”

“ I am afraid,” said Florence, “ it will be said that they still retained some of the old practises.”

“ O, well, I can match you there too. Give me down that book, Ann, by Eusebius Andrews. —She cannot read, poor woman, but she is very good, for all that.—It has a red spot on the back. —Yes, that’s it. Andrews says, ‘ The whimsical divorces of and plurality of wives of Charlemagne, were never confirmed by the Pope, but are considered by Catholic historians and divines as a great blot on his moral character. Nor could all the threats, intreaties, and persuasions of Philip Augustus, King of France, induce Pope Celestine, at the close of the 12th century, to grant him a divorce from his queen, Intelburga, sister to Canute, King of Denmark. And when the French king afterwards undertook publicly to marry Agnes, the daughter of Bertold, Duke of Bohemia, Pope Innocent III, the successor of Celestine, pronounced the first marriage valid, and the contract with Agnes null and void. The king’s passion for Agnes equalling his aversion for Intelburga, he applied again to Rome, and obtained a revision of the cause. An assembly of divines and civilians was convened at Soissons, to which two cardinals

were deputed to preside. There the question of divorce was discussed with much animation on both sides; but the decision was positively against the king. Agnes was dismissed, and from that time Augustus considered Intelburga as his lawful wife. Another instance is that of Henry VIII. Surely, had sins been buying and selling, as you Protestants represent, he would have reached the price. At the time, too, when Henry wished to be divorced from his queen, Pope Clement was at war with the Emperor Charles, nephew to Katherine, who had suddenly surprised and plundered the city of Rome, and shut up the Holy Father a prisoner within the walls of his own castle of St Angelo. Now, could he have *indulged* Henry by the plenitude of his spiritual power, would he not have done it, in order to be revenged on his enemy, the emperor? Would he not have proposed a treaty, whereby the British Monarch should engage to second the Pope with his treasure and military force, to subdue Charles, for the *indulgence* of his Holiness to let him have *two* wives at once? To doubt that such would have been the conduct of Pope Clement, were the system of popery such as it is every day represented to be, is to doubt the impulse of human nature.

But Clement knew he had no such authority as that imputed to his situation by ignorance and bigotry. He declared it was not in his power to dissolve that union which had been contracted before God. A more recent circumstance remains to be mentioned, which adds to other evidences that the Church of Rome never did, nor ever can, set aside the injunctions of God. The event I allude to, is the second marriage of Buonaparte to the Austrian Princess. This union, although it received the sanction of some servile divines at Paris, the same as the proceedings of Philip Augustus, before mentioned, did of the then Archbishop of Rheims, yet a regular sentence of divorce was never passed, nor ever could be obtained, from the See of Rome, annulling the former marriage of Buonaparte with Josephine, which ceremony was performed by Pope Pius VII. the evening before they were proclaimed Emperor and Empress of France.—I think,” said Ambrose, “this shews you a very different conduct from what Luther, and Bucer, and Melancthon, and others played off, when they set about reforming the church. They are certainly most choice reformers! Dr Lingard says here, ‘The piety of Luther urged him to retire as fast as possible from the corruptions of Babylon.

With one dash of his pen he magnanimously abolished the obligation of good works, and opened the gates of heaven to every man who could only boast the gift of an *all-saving faith*. 'Observe,' said Ambrose, 'he was not without his keys either; but one word with him and the t'other gentleman, stood in the stead of fasting and praying, and weeping and repenting. Dr Lingard goes on just at this place—O! it's grand reading! I never tire on't—and he says what is most true: 'Our blessed Saviour died for us; but still left the way to happiness strait and rugged; the new apostle rushed to the arms of his faithful Catherine, and henceforward made it spacious and commodious. After Christ, it was still so uninviting, that, as *he* declared, few would choose to walk in it: after Luther, it was cleared of the thorns of virtue, and might with ease be trodden by thousands.'

"But hear what they say of themselves: 'Formerly,' says Luther, 'when we were *seduced* by the Pope, every one willingly followed good works; but now people neither say nor know anything, but how to get all to themselves by pillage, exaction, theft, falsehood, usury, and so forth.'—Calvin says: 'Of the thousands who renounced Popery, and seemed eager to embrace

the gospel, how few have amended their lives! — ‘The greater part of the people,’ says Bucer, ‘seem to have embraced the gospel only to live at their pleasure, and to enjoy their lusts and lawless appetites without control. Hence they lend a willing ear to the doctrine, *that we are justified by faith only, and not by good works*, for which they have no relish.’

“Here,” said Ambrose, “is another famous passage. You Protestants say that the Pope has a market at Rome for sins, at any price—just what you can spare. Philip brought a book here the other night, written, he said, by a woman, and indeed so it would seem; and there she had a list—but, ’deed, I forget the stuff; and I said, if he ever polluted my house by such sacrilegious nonsense, him and me would fairly quarrel. He said it was only to let me see the woman’s falsity; but, says I, Philip, ‘touch not pitch, lest you be defiled.’ But here is the offset to her fabrications, and I’m thinking Dr Lingard will match any woman in Christendom. He says that a Mr Le Mesurier talks of a book entitled the ‘*Liber Taxæ Cancellariæ Romanæ*,’ or a Tariff (Philip says, that means terms of agreement) of the prices at which sins may be redeemed in the Roman Chancery, the great custom-house

of human guilt. If the reader will be at the trouble to peruse the different articles of this valuable code, he will at least acknowledge that the Pope is extremely moderate in his demands, and wonder that his Holiness has not employed a British financier to improve the receipts of his treasury. In England you cannot obtain a license to keep a setting-dog without paying a tax of ten shillings per annum: at Rome, it seems, a man may murder his father, and enjoy his estate, for the same sum, paid only once. Here, one and twenty shillings are demanded for permission to powder your hair once in twelve months; there, for an equal sum, you may keep a mistress, without endangering your salvation. However, should Mr Le Mesurier, or his friend, Mr Granville Sharp, stray as far as Rome, I would not have them rely with too much confidence on the ‘*Liber Taxæ Cancellariæ*,’ or they may find themselves in the same situation with the Roman nobleman mentioned by O’Leary, who, when he was accused of having three wives living at the same time, attempted to justify himself by alleging that he had not been able to meet with one to his taste, or with whom he could live happily. ‘Since it is so difficult,’ replied Sextus Quintus, ‘to please you in this world, you shall try your

fortune in the next: there women are more numerous, and you may find one to your liking.' The 'Taxæ Cancellariæ' could not save him; he was tried for polygamy, and executed. The Roman *Chancery* is a very ancient establishment, the regulations of which were originally formed by John XXII, and brought into their present form by Nicholas V. At the death of each pope these regulations are supposed to expire; but his successor is always careful to revive them; and thus they remain, at the present day, substantially the same as they were some centuries ago. From them, the 'Regulæ Cancellariæ Romanæ,' it appears, that the causes brought before that tribunal regard the *temporalities* of vacant bishoprics; the *collation*, *permutation*, or resignation of benefices; absolutions from *canonical censures*, and dispensations from the *canonical* impediments of marriage. *With the guilt of sin, the Roman Chancery has no concern whatever.* All its absolutions are styled '*in foro externo*;' they regard only the punishments inflicted by the canons; and of course all the reasonings and accusations, the pious invectives, and indignant exclamations, to which the contrary supposition has given birth, are the offspring of error or of fiction. It is indeed true, that for the transac-

tion of business in the Papal Chancery, as well as in the Ecclesiastical Courts in England, fees have been required by the officers; but those are not paid as the price of sin, but for the expedition of business. This circumstance, however, furnished a useful hint to some of the Fathers of the Reformation, who had no objection to a pious fraud, when it might promote the godly work in which they were engaged. The ‘*Taxæ Cancellariæ Romanæ*’ were therefore by them ingeniously *corrected, interpolated, and enlarged*: the improved copy was circulated by the reformers as a proof that Rome was the great custom-house of sin; and the cheat was greedily devoured by the prejudices of their disciples. That during a period of religious ferment it should have obtained credit in England, cannot excite surprise; but I had thought that in the present enlightened age, it had been consigned to the contempt it deserves. Even from ‘*Guthrie’s Geography*,’ in which it retained an honorable place during many editions, it has recently been expunged by the justice and liberality of the publishers; and I am happy to observe that its present existence entirely depends on the credit of the firm of Messrs Le Mesurier, Granville Sharp, and Co.’

“ However,” said Ambrose, “ he is mistaken there. This book was written more than twenty years since, and the woman I speak of put out her book some two or three years back. I jealous she’s a kind ‘of—no better than she should be—for there’s a vast about naked statues, both men and women. But here is a note in Dr Lingard about this supposed Roman book:— ‘ The principal Protestant editions of the ‘ *Liber Taxæ Cancellariæ*,’ are those given by Pinet and Benck, and both were censured as spurious at Rome and Madrid, and one of them by the Archbishop of Paris.—Bayle, (and I believe it is to him either mediately or immediately that most of our adversaries are indebted for the knowledge which they display on this important subject) observes, that it is difficult to explain the great differences between these two editions, and to understand the real value of the monies which they mention. He adds, that there are several editions given by Catholics at Paris and Cologne; but he, it appears, was never able to meet with any one copy of them. I have been equally unfortunate. I have, however, read the ‘ *Regulæ Cancellariæ*,’ printed in 1484, and several other editions, from that period to the close of the last century, and in none of them have I met

with a single word respecting absolution from sin. I have also examined the fees which are really permitted to be taken by the officers of the court, and find that none of them regard any other absolutions than those from canonical censures. They are demanded as a remuneration for trouble, and I should conceive, that whatever may be the opinion of Mr Le Mesurier, those who have had to pay those fees have seldom thought that they were inducements to sin. Probably they adopted a very different opinion.’”

Mrs Stanhope was frequently, during the course of poor Ambrose’s reading (which we have not thought it necessary to imitate) upon the point of begging, like the illustrious Mrs Siddons, that she might have the book in her own hands; but Ambrose seemed so delighted with the task, and so pleased to have the power of turning over at will to each racy passage, and perhaps, knowing how pitmen are despised, was not a little proud of his lore, that she could not think of abridging his felicity. She had several times, too, adverted, in her own mind, to the coach; but, as is usual in such cases, the longer she delayed, she became less anxious, and consoled herself with thinking that he would probably have stood as long on his own stand,

and that she could amply compensate him for his loss of other chances. Fairly plunged into a dilemma, she determined to make the best of it, and to extract from Ambrose all that could be got. After a mutual pause, she said, "Can you shew me a rosary, and tell me how it is used?"

"No," said Ambrose, "I never saw one; but there is something here upon that subject also—aye, it's a grand book, and worth its weight in diamonds. When I come home with any sort of spunk, and lay before me Lingard, and Gothe, and 'The End of Controversy,' which Philip lent me, I am far too happy. O, how I bless my father that he got me the bit learning! Here is a note about pilgrimages and the rosary:—'The Durham clergyman objects to pilgrimages and rosaries or beads. As to the first, they may be of advantage or disadvantage, according to circumstances. They form no part of the Catholic doctrine: they may be made or not, as may be judged proper. See an account of ancient pilgrimages in the 'Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church,' vol. ii. p. 122. Rosaries are also a matter of discretionary devotion. They were first adopted for the use of the vulgar, who could not read. Whether they consist of Pater Nosters or of Ave Marias, is of little conse-

quence; some use one and some the other. The Ave Maria consists of two passages of Scripture, commemorative of the incarnation of Christ, and of a petition that his holy Mother would pray for us. The Durham clergyman may, if he please, become an orthodox Catholic, and never repeat it to his death.'

"However," said Ambrose, "I have heard poor pious creatures say that they had enjoyed great comfort in the use of the beads. Dr Chaloner—I have not his book—I wish I had, but I learnt the place by heart,—he says, 'The rosary is a method of saying the beads so as to meditate upon the incarnation, passion, and resurrection of Christ. And it is divided into three parts, each part consisting of five mysteries, to be contemplated during the repeating of five decades, or tens, upon the beads. The first five are called the five Joyful Mysteries: viz. the Annunciation to Mary; the Visitation to Elizabeth; the Nativity of our Lord; his Presentation in the Temple, together with the Virgin's Purification; his being found in the Temple in the midst of the Doctors, &c. The next five are called the Sorrowful Mysteries, and relate to the Passion of Christ; his Prayers and Agony in the Garden; his being Scourged at the Pillar;

his Crowning with Thorns; his Carriage of the Cross; and his Crucifixion and Death. The five last are called the five Glorious Mysteries; viz. the Resurrection of our Lord; his Ascension into Heaven; the coming of the Holy Ghost; the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin; and the Eternal Glory of the Saints in Heaven.'

"We Catholics," said Ambrose, "think that we cannot too often, nor with over gratitude, remember and commemorate all these things; but you Protestants are either ashamed of them, or despise and trample them like dust beneath your feet, out of spite to us. But I'm thinking the madam that found out the price for adultery at Rome, would have been better employed in looking upon a rosary, and going over those fifteen blessed Mysteries, than in looking on naked giants and what not; which will, may be, end in a necessity for the prayers of both the Virgin and the Saints in her behalf; but she has cast them from her,—they are indeed the pearls before swine, and, like the same brutes, she may return to her wallowing in the mire, or like the dog to its vomit."

Mrs Stanhope blushed; and although there might be much truth and instruction in all that Ambrose adduced, she could not but wonder at

the taste of our *modern* saints, which leads to an association of the most heterogeneous persons and ranks.

“ Had I not witnessed for five Sundays,” said Mrs Stanhope, “ the uncommon pains taken by Mr D’Alembert with his young people, I should certainly feel surprised by your intelligence; but even if you could not read, I have learned to know that merely by attending a Catholic place of worship, you cannot fail to be well-informed.”

The little blue eyes of Ambrose sparkled as he replied, “ You are the most honest Protestant I have met with. I have something here on that subject also;” and he smiled upon his book with an absolute radiance, and soon turned up the following passage:—‘ In controversy, as well as natural philosophy, it is often more adviseable to attend to facts than to speculation. If the doctrines of the Romish Church be, as the Bishop of Durham affirms, obstructive to the diffusion of Christian knowledge, it ought to follow, that her disciples must be more destitute of religious principles than members of those churches, that by quitting her communion, have emancipated themselves from these obstructions. But is he prepared to hazard such an assertion?

I appeal with confidence to those who have travelled on the Continent, and witnessed the attention with which the Catholic clergy are accustomed to attend to the improvement of the children in their respective parishes, whether the lower classes in Catholic countries do not possess a greater fund of religious knowledge than the lower classes in England? ‘I have myself,’ says a modern writer, ‘had some opportunities of ascertaining the comparative knowledge which the vulgar French and the lower classes of my own countrymen possess of their respective religions. I say it without partiality; after making the comparison, I do seriously believe, that, speaking in general, the religious knowledge of the poorer French was *erudition* compared with the *slender* notions of the poorer English. If this assertion should to any one appear the dictate of prejudice, I will present a single cause, which alone may seem to account for the *striking* difference: it is the method by which the minds of the French were trained to the science and practice of religion. No sooner had a child in France been taught to lisp the language of reason, than its parents (who, it is supposed, had already taught it the usual prayers for children) were compelled to usher it into the parish school to

learn and repeat its catechism. These repetitions were exacted every Sunday of the year, with the exception, sometimes, of the season for the harvest. During some parts of the year, in Advent and Lent, they were exacted more frequently. A catechism in France was not, like our common Protestant catechism in this country, immense in the length of half a dozen questions, and as many answers: it was a *book*, adequate from its size to contain, and by its clearness to convey, a very comprehensive and accurate knowledge of religion. This was learnt verbatim by heart. The Curé, or his Vicaire, explained; and as the French possess an ease and happiness of expression which we in general do not, they explained it naturally, clearly, and pleasingly. The series of these instructions was continued during the space of several years, always till the period when the child was deemed to be sufficiently informed to be admitted to the participation of the holy eucharist. The degree of knowledge required for this purpose is not inconsiderable. It was required that the person to be admitted should not only understand the importance and obligation of this sacred rite, but should also be able to conceive and give a tolerable account of all the great mysteries and

precepts of religion. I might have added to this method, by which the children in France attained the knowledge of religion, the attention of parents, the assiduity of their schools, the frequency of other private and public instructions. I might add also, that the knowledge which was thus acquired in youth was afterwards maintained and increased by the weekly admonitions of their pastors; by sermons and discourses; the use of the sacraments (he might have said, especially, of confession) and by the circulation and gratuitous distribution of pious books.' See the 'Spirit of Religious Controversy,' p. 159.—Dr Lingard goes on here and says, 'Let the Durham Clergyman ask that intelligent magistrate, Mr Colquhoun, and he will inform him, that in the population of England alone, 1,170,000 children, it is much to be feared, grow up to an adult state without any education at all, and also without any useful impressions of religion or morality. To these are to be added many of those who have had the advantage of some education, but in ill-regulated schools, in which proper attention is not given to religious and moral instruction. So that in the present state of things, it is not too much to say, that every thirty

years (the period assigned for a new generation) at least four millions and a half of adults must, in case a remedy is not applied, mingle in the general population of the kingdom, without any fixed principles of rectitude, and with very little knowledge either of religion or morality.'

"A neat Reformation!" said Ambrose. "Something follows this that would draw tears from stone:—'The reforming Protestant Bishop actually warns his clergy against us, because we are now *allowed* schools in this country!'" Ambrose turned over a few leaves, and, laughing, said, "Here is a very good passage:—'You teach, that man is justified by faith *only*; a tenet which the 39 Articles feelingly pronounce to be *most wholesome and full of comfort*. This was Luther's strong hold; every passion in the human breast pleaded in its favour. 'Faith *alone*,' cried he, 'is necessary for our justification; nothing else is either commanded or prohibited. Say not that God will punish sin; the law indeed says so; but what have *I* to do with the law? *I am free!*' The old-fashioned apostles exhorted their disciples to perform good works, and make their calling and election sure: the new one, kind soul! preached a more easy and con-

soling doctrine. ‘The way to heaven is narrow,’ he exclaimed, ‘throw away your good works, if you wish to squeeze through it.’ ”

Mrs Stanhope shuddered; but it was not at Luther that she shuddered; and she immediately said, “I don’t think it right in Lingard to put such words in the mouth of Luther, whatever he was.”

“No more he does. Look there at the bottom of the page, and you see every place set down that he takes these words from; but they are all in Latin: however, I can make out that the first and the last were in sermons.”

Mrs Stanhope apologized, and rose to depart.

“I wish,” said Ambrose, “we had more time; next to a good book is a pleasant companion: but I hope you understand what is really meant by Indulgence, and that no indulgence was ever granted for sins to come; nor indeed, as Philip, had he but come, for he’s worth ten o’ me, could well have told thee, for any sin whatsoever, but on account of the penalty or penance due on account of the sin.—Stop a moment—there’s a note somewhere in this golden mine on that very subject—aye, here it is:—‘The Catholic doctrine does *not* teach that indulgences are a ‘remission

of all sins,' or even of *any* sins, or that they are 'applications of the superfluous merits of Christ and the saints.' The first of these assertions is contradictory to the Catholic creed; the second is an opinion which has been maintained by speculative and ingenious men; but it forms no part of the Catholic faith, and may, without danger of censure, be believed or disbelieved, according to the judgment of each individual.' And in the note here, he says, among other remarks, 'As an indispensable condition, it is required that the sinner shall have previously performed whatever the Catholic church considers necessary for the remission of sin; and then she grants him only a remission of the *canonical* penance, or *temporal* punishment, to which he ought to be subjected. Hence it is evident that the indulgence cannot be a pardon for sin, since the sin is supposed to have been already pardoned.'—This is clear, I hope," said Ambrose.

"Perfectly; and we feel much obliged indeed by the pains you have taken; and if we remain in this place, we shall visit you again; but in the mean time, Ann, there is a trifle, which I hope will enable you to get a woman in future to assist you in washing your husband's working clothes

and your own also; and as Mr Ashburn seems to wish it so much, I hope you may be able to get to chapel now and then."

Some may wonder that a person like Ambrose should have been so entirely at his ease with persons like Mrs and Miss Stanhope; but in this respect the very high and the very low exactly resemble each other. The one, from excessive assumption, and vigorous efforts, from the dawn of mind, at entire ease; and the other, from utter ignorance, arrive at the very same point. Ambrose knew nothing of the artificial restraints and expectancies of society: plunged at evening or morning into a coal-pit, emerging only to walk home—arriving there only to wash, swallow something like a repast, and then crawl into bed—or if, as Ann said, he was more "lify" than usual, he donned his spectacles, and regaled his immortal part with the beatitudes of saints, or felt his rugged cheeks glow with shame that he should think his bruises, his fractures, and his almost perpetual entombment, hardships, when he compared these with the voluntary endurances of such as had lived only to teach the science of Christianity—or if he would disport and relax his mind, he would take up a book of controversy, and smile and rejoice over the proofs that

there could be but *one* true Church, and that he had the joy, the consolation, and the supreme exaltation, of being a member of it. What should such a man know of basking in the sunbeams of a courtly smile, or shrinking, like a thing that has not in it a ray of divinity, from its frown? Besides, Mrs Stanhope's misfortunes, or the natural justness of her mind, had preserved her from that arrogance which blights by its scorn, or humbles by its condescension. However, find the cause where we may, the thing is true, for we know precisely such a man as Ambrose, and more than we have described him, both in his simple ease and in his moral practical piety.

CHAPTER V.

AFTER the ladies were seated in the coach, Florence said, "I am anxious, my dear mother, to know what you think now."

"I think," she replied, "that the Catholics are a most cruelly calumniated people, but that it is a pity their religion were not more simple, and in all respects less mysterious."

"I suppose we think it wants simplicity, merely because we want practice in it: and as to mystery, you may as well expect to see God face to face, or to know whence came the first materials from which all is formed, as expect to see clear unveiled religion. As far as I can learn from Mr Ashburn's instructions, it is the attempt at taking off this veil, and to render religion a *simple* thing, which has made it what we see. That was a fearful remark from Colquhoun. When do you suppose he wrote?"

"I am not sure; but Ambrose said the book

he read from was written more than twenty years ago, so that Colquhoun's remark must have been made prior to that period; and if there is truth in the public journals, we hear that vice is marching on like a destroying giant. You remember what Mr Ashburn said the other day, that the newspapers, in the mere discharge of their duty, sent forth sufficient matter to demoralize the world. Great efforts are making, we hear, for the suppression of vice; but there is a lurking poison somewhere. Some say it lies in what we call the wealth of the country—its trade; others say in the ignorance of the commonalty; but in a *reformed* country why have we that ignorance? Besides, that is not true, because crime is not confined to the ignorant; if it were, surely executions would cease, for it would be barbarous to punish absolute ignorance with death; and we know positively that crime of all kinds is cultivated in this country as a science. I have heard, but I am very ill-informed in such matters, that it is owing to the increase of that fatal doctrine, that faith is the *sole* ground of salvation. But, Florence, I give you henceforth leave to think as you like in this matter, for I am perfectly satisfied that you will not change from a better to a worse system. If

we have no longer lazy monks and designing jesuits, whom novels have converted into the rawheads and bloodybones of adult nurseries, we have priests who certainly do not exercise their activity in feeding either the souls or the bodies of their wretchedly depraved country."

On arriving at their home, Florence examined the books which Mr Ashburn had brought from time to time, and which now amounted to about thirty. There she found ample food for wonder; but she chiefly rejoiced in discovering a copy of the tracts by Dr Lingard, which Ambrose had read from. However, that which nailed down her attention was a work entitled, 'A Statement of the Penal Laws which aggrieve the Catholics of Ireland. By D. Scully, Esq. Barrister at Law. First published in 1812, by Mr Hugh Fitz-Patrick.' "Surely," said she, "I do not understand the word *penal*. Be so good as turn it up." 'Denouncing punishment; enacting punishment; vindictive.' 'Which aggrieve the Catholics of Ireland!' "Have they different laws for different subjects? And what is it that they *punish always*?"

"My dear Florence, that is the term used by the writer of the book, not by government, for

it is well known that our government is the most just in the world."

"I am not sure of that," said Florence. "I see in the first place that it is a risk to any man to publish an account of these penal laws—that looks ill. Let us read what he says of the Catholic clergy:—‘That the laws of a country should wantonly select the ministers of any form of worship as objects of hostility, appears at once to be a departure from sound legislation, and a violation of the rules of good sense. Every measure of this nature weakens the attachment or lessens the love and respect of a people towards the laws, and therefore inflicts a public injury. This is strongly exemplified by the instance now under consideration. The Catholic clergy of Ireland have long possessed, in an eminent degree, the confidence, the affections, and the reverence of the people. Collectively, they are the representatives of the most ancient Christian clergy of the United Kingdom. Their hierarchy has been preserved entire and unbroken through every peril and persecution—the precious depositaries of an unaltered faith and a pure discipline. They have uniformly shared with the unfortunate in their

miseries ; with the poor in their privations ; with the suffering in their sadness ; and have never once forsaken the fate and destinies of their country. The memory of their former sorrows, of their unshaken constancy and righteousness under every trial, of a community of griefs and of a partnership in tribulation, would alone suffice to preserve and eternize the sympathy and attachment of a grateful people towards a beloved clergy. But, besides these established advantages, of high character collectively, their eminent merits, as individuals, entitle them to the most respectful treatment. Splendid talents ; various and extensive learning ; rigid integrity ; pure benevolence ; innocence of morals, and unaffected piety,—all that can dignify or decorate a chosen order of men,—are to be found amongst the Irish Catholic clergy, in a degree of perfection never surpassed in any age or nation. They consist of two thousand persons, all *incessantly* employed in ministering to the spiritual wants of four millions of people.* These are the peace-makers throughout every district ; healing

* This was an under-statement at the time, and the Catholics are daily increasing in Ireland : they are now universally understood to be at least six millions in number.

dissentions, reconciling differences, inculcating pure morality, confirming the good, reclaiming the sinful, soothing the sorrowful, earnestly diffusing all the blessings of fervent charity, and enforcing all the precepts of social affection. Their labours are incessant, and their very existence is a state of continual self-denial. No sentiment but that of religion, no support but the inward impulse of divine love, could sustain their marvellous and almost superhuman exertions in fulfilling their sacred duties. Generous, bold, and indefatigable—not to be deterred by distance, inclemency of weather, unseasonable hours, dread of contagion, or any other temporal obstacle—the Catholic priest flies to the bed of sickness at a moment's call, imparts the balm of hope to the dying patient, alleviates his anguish with the sweetest and most benevolent assiduity, and piously assists in the precious office of rendering his last moments acceptable in the eyes of his Creator. These are among the many services of the Catholic clergy, and their claims upon the respect and gratitude of their flocks. Yet such are the men against whom the jealousy of the legislature is in full vigour, and who are noticed by the laws only for the purposes of reprehension, scorn, contempt, and of PENALTY.’ ”

Miss Fortescue just then returned from a Sunday evening party, which she had found dull, and Florence being deeply interested in her subject, withdrew, and never lifted her eyes from the volume, except occasionally to wipe away the tears which bedimmed them, until the clock struck twelve. She resumed her melancholy task at an early hour next morning, and her mother, observing that she was often affected and highly indignant, ordered breakfast for her in her own room, that she might neither be interrupted nor liable to her aunt's remarks. She made her appearance at eleven o'clock with a melancholy and resolved air. She laid down the book, and said, "It is remarked by some one, that 'pity is nearly allied to love.' If that is true, great must be my love, for deep, deep is my pity. Mother! they talk of the massacre of St Bartholomew, which, as I saw the other day, is *now* considered to have been a political and party affair, rather than a religious one; but were it true to its utmost extent, and all applicable to the Pope and the priests, which I do not believe, why do Protestants act over again, and not for one night, but, year after year, during centuries, a tenfold worse massacre—for it is a living massacre—and that of six millions of im-

mortal minds? A people eternally groaning under a continual disgrace, and *ridiculed* the while ! I saw in a newspaper the other day, ‘ The *common* people of Ireland do not know what emancipation means ; they expect something curious by the mail coach—perhaps a relic—perhaps a piece of the *true* cross ! ’ This is dreadful. I thought it indecent levity at the time, but now I think it barbarity. Hear what is said on one point. After giving a list of almost numberless penalties (I hate the word) amounting in reality to an exclusion from all that is desirable in life, after being made the paymasters, at an enormous rate, of all that is expensive and ostensible in the state, Mr Scully says, ‘ Yet the public have been confidently and continually told (and it has been admitted inadvertently by some of the advocates of Catholic freedom) that the Catholics and Protestants have been placed upon a perfect equality by the statute of 1793, save as to seats in parliament, and about thirty or forty of the higher situations in the state ; such as Lord Chancellor, Privy Councillor, &c. ; that indeed only a handful of ambitious individuals now remain to be gratified ; but that as for the Catholic poor, artisans, cottagers, peasants, &c. they, forsooth, are not touched by the penal laws, and have

nothing to gain by their repeal. Ah! what an egregious error! what a wicked assertion of those who propagate it, if conscious of its falsehood! What a fatal delusion, if the honest, the just, and the liberal, who may have been seduced by it, shall not awaken to a serious and minute contemplation of the dreadful hostility with which the penal laws at this moment rage against the feelings, the peace, the interests, and the very existence of the Catholic community of Ireland, throughout *all* its various classes, but most emphatically and virulently against the Catholic poor, the humble, and the industrious!’ I see their very charities,” said Florence, “are under penalties and distressing restraints, and a provision for their own church is held superstitious and unlawful; and of Catholic education, the Master of the Rolls in England, Sir W. Grant, says, ‘There is no doubt that a disposition, for the purpose of bringing up and educating children in the Catholic religion, is unlawful.’ Is it not disgraceful to say they are on a footing with Protestants, when you will find there that they have no share whatever in the legislation, whether in a general or corporate form? that in the last there are 3748 situations which they cannot pretend to? Of law offices there are 224 which

they cannot fill. From the Lord Lieutenant down to Fellows of the University, there are 261 offices which they cannot hold; and there is a passage which proves how all these disqualifications ramify into a thousand evils; such as cutting them off from general community, and being held by the vulgar, the ignorant, and tyrannical, as the king's outcasts. See there about vestries, where you find they have no vote in respect to the money that is torn from themselves; and the writer says, that *every* family of the Established Church costs the people, of whom the Catholics form a sixth part, 200*l.* per annum for its religious worship alone! This they do not grudge; but they think it hard to have immense sums levied upon them, at the mercy of Protestant vestries, for building, repairing, and ornamenting churches, while there is an *untouched* and *yearly increasing* sum of 200,000*l.* for the purpose!

“ You will also see that they are allowed no self-defence, while the Protestants are well armed against them: and not only are they defenceless, but at all hours their privacy may be broken into for the purpose of searching for arms. I see the writer considers (and I do assure you he writes in a calm manner) that the Russian, Ottoman,

South American subjects, and even the West India slaves, are far more mildly treated than the Irish, and under much better protection. Look at their trials by jury, which I see is the boast of England. Poor Ireland knows none of its benefits. Read carefully, my dear mother, these paragraphs upon justice in general, and I am sure your humanity will be shocked. See the *penalties* for not taking oaths, and you will weep for the wretched Irish. Look at that dreadful chapter upon education and proselyting, and you will blush for our country. Catholic children removed from their parents, cast into charter-schools, *compelled* to *shun* their kindred and to renounce the first duties of nature. To cut off all intercourse, and extinguish all recollection of filial ties, they are transplanted to the districts most remote from their parents, and there brought up in profound ignorance of their names, situations, and very existence. From this ignorance some very distressing circumstances have taken place, even marriages that nature shudders at.' ”

“ My dear Florence,” said Mrs Stanhope, “ read me no more, I cannot bear it.”

“ And how are these injured, weeping, groaning parents to bear it? And all for what? On the vile pretext of saving their souls and decoy-

ing them from men who labour hard, as we have seen, to hand them over to men, who, as we know, pay no attention whatever to the poor, and very little, *as priests*, to the rich. I do not wonder that Catholics are increasing: pity is even more powerful than persecution. Just hear this, and then I shall leave you to go through the dreadful details upon Guardianship, Marriages, false Accounts of their Excommunications, Medical Profession (you would wonder how that can be touched, but it is, and cruelly) Subversion of Property, the Hardships upon Commerce, and the Natural Consequences of all these Evils—Humiliation and Hostility. In short, the Catholics of Ireland are, says this author, ‘by law subjected to the Protestants, and delivered over to their exclusive domination and disposal in all affairs of property, liberty, and life.’—Dr Johnson says, ‘*The Irish are in a most unnatural state, for there we see the minority prevailing over the majority. There is no instance, even in the Ten Persecutions, of such severity as that which is exercised over the Catholics of Ireland.*’”

Florence handed the book to her mother, who laid it down, saying, “I shall pity them on your report: I *cannot* read it.”

“Ah! mother, that is but half compassion,

and will soon pass away. Inform yourself, and when your pity has a foundation, it will last."

Just then Mr Ashburn was announced, who, seeming regardless of Miss Stanhope's red eyes, and of the book which her mother had resumed, he said, "I have been much displeased with a young friend of mine, of whom I think I once spoke, for his long and, as I deemed, disrespectful silence; but I find he has only been dilatory, which is bad enough, but not so bad as forgetfulness. I have at last a letter, or rather a packet, from him, which resembles a Dutch nest of boxes, and which, commencing with number six, terminates at last in number one.

As we have lately been seeking truth, and as, unwittingly, the last day we conversed together, I said something which tended to give too unqualified an opinion of the Scotch clergy, I hold it my duty to read you his account of the matter; but I have other motives for introducing him to your acquaintance, of which hereafter. This letter is dated September, from a strange, wild place, to which he went for the mere pleasure of enjoying country sports. He commences, 'My dear and reverend sir'—And here, before we go farther, I must premise, that there are many complimentary things to myself that I would pass by (as

I shall some little allusions to his own private connexion with me) if I did not wish you to see, by such things, the esteem we are held in.

“ ‘ My dear and reverend sir,—You think I am prolonging my stay here through idleness. I do not wonder that you should, for you know I am a sad idle fellow. Who knows this so well as yourself?..... But I find so much to know in this strange land—this country which has been glozed and varnished over—this country, which has in every corner, in every valley, on every hill-top, and even in its vicious towns and cities, the ever-ready mantle of a deep, deep hypocrisy. My dear sir, you know well that, with all my folly, I am honest. I solemnly declare, that the would-be *solemn* farce often makes me grind my teeth and clench my fist; the elongation of face, the twist of the mouth, and long-drawn tones, that you meet with in many a hoary villain, who, while he is grimacing and arguing, is considering how he is to overcharge his escort or his horse-shoe. To think of the blood that was spilt, the calumnies that were uttered, the forgeries that were effected—to do what? To raise up a false, hypocritical, lying race—a people who have scarcely a shade between canting hypocrisy and open or concealed

vice. You remember how you and I used to contrast the industry and purity of the Scotch clergy with our English bucks—often have I laughed at our simplicity. Where was the *ground* of difference to be found? Was it in the discipline of the church? I cannot see a trace of such a thing. Was it in the education of her sons? Alas! that is lax, and often superficial in the extreme. *I*—and I know nothing—have blushed for their ignorance again and again. I mean of some, for others *are* well-informed. Was it from their abstinence that we imagined it to spring? We could not surely dream of such a thing in men who wish to obliterate every trace of what they call *Popery*. How comes it, my dear sir, that we never, as Dr Milner says, nickname them, and that they should never tire of finding odious appellations for us? *Popery*! Do they deem that we think the Pope our Saviour? I suppose so. But I am wandering from my subject. What, I say, could lead you to suppose (for I well remember you told me so) that the Scotch clergy are a peculiarly sober and pure set of men? It occurs to me, that this idea originates in some confused notion, mixed up with some crudities, about the severity of Knox. However, be that as it may, they are—but let

facts tell :—I have lately fallen in with a knot of them—fine fellows in some respects—jovial souls—wanting only the incomes of our fat deans, &c. to be such as they. This place—I mean the little town of L——, which is my head-quarters—is about twenty miles from Edinburgh, whither, with five or six clergymen, made up of incumbents and expectants, I one Monday made an excursion. Monday was fixed on as leaving the whole week.—You stare—so did I at first, for I expected in these famed men to find something in the shape of duty *through* the week; but with the exception of what they call sessional business, and speaking occasionally to some poor person, which always seems a task, they have no week-day duty. It is a pity for themselves that they practice religious duties so little, for a priest here is quite exhausted on a Sunday evening; and it is very common on the following day to see him yawn and stretch himself, and say, ‘I am Mondayish to-day,’ or rather *the* day, for they are dreadfully Scotch. Well, we set off for Edinburgh, where the very best-gifted of the knot—in fact a man of splendid talents—met with a curious adventure. Remember, he is married, and to a lovely young woman; but he has a smack of the old

Landgrave in him, and I dare say would have been as liberal as his great leader Luther;—No, I am wrong, they are Calvinists, and abhor the Lutherans;—however, he has a touch of Luther about him, and willing to shew the same liberal spirit, he paid a visit one night—Now don't blame me—I protest I am innocuous in the whole affair, and a mere narrator. I was snug in my own lodgings, to which indeed he soon came in a sad and deplorable plight. His clothes were torn, and smelling of the kennel in which he had been rolled by his sweet Kate or sub-Landgravess. But that was a trifle: he had been robbed of a valuable gold watch, its appendages, and his purse! His time-piece had been in the family for some generations. He is vain to excess, and a gold watch being no common thing amongst his brethren, it had been often displayed—often presented, if time were but named; and often suspended by its chain on his forefinger, while he seemed lost in argument or in abstraction. How, without this notorious trinket, could he return to the moors? Though a stout, bold-looking man, he has the heart of a chicken. He wept like a child: and much as I revolt from these married sons of the church—nay, don't be angry, it is mere courtesy—*its name* is Church,

and what can one do without circumlocution?—I say that, though I revolt from these married priests (they do minister in a kind of way) with something like loathing, yet I was sorry for the wretch; and after ordering Tom to clean him, and restore him with a cup of strong coffee, I waited on the master of police, and stated the case. He asked so many questions, and exposure seemed so inevitable, that I was obliged to hint at caution, owing to his profession. Captain B—— shrugged up his shoulders, and said, ‘ Upon my word, I have more trouble with such cases than with any other. They look to us for redress, and have the impudence to expect that my people shall be sworn to secrecy. Is he willing to be exposed? If so, I can most likely recover the watch.’ I returned with my query, but a deep groan and ‘ No,’ were the response.

“ ‘ I told you they were jovial fellows. A friend of this very man—a priest—some years ago, left his house so drunk, that he fell from his horse, was broken and bruised in a most dreadful manner, and died in great agony, yet with such firmness—for *his* was no chicken’s heart—as would have graced a better man and a better cause. Another of the same knot—a married man with a large family—has lately been tried

for—— in short, another Landgrave. I was present at the trial, and oh ! had you seen the ferocity of his clerical foes to condemn, and the lying shifts of his clerical friends to save, you would have seen such a picture as you never looked upon, and could scarcely imagine. The clerical courts here, which are open even to women, exhibit scenes which, for absence of temper, for rancour, back-biting, and fore-biting, a set of banditti would almost blush for. They laugh at our councils, but they have little occasion. Our councils meet to establish essentialities ; they meet, at least often, to clamour about silly forms, and he is most respected who best knows what they call ecclesiastical court forms. One man in this district studies nothing else, and he is highly esteemed. I heard him once, and he put me in mind of a terrier worrying a rat. Another, who, were he not married, might rank with some of Rome, is laughed at, and even despised, because he studies how to relieve the poor, rather than how he may combat in the holy arena.

“ As the lost watch ; the poor unfortunate man who died ; and the married culprit who has been before the public, are the constant topics in these muirs, I congratulated a lady—she is old—who belongs to a more strict sect, a kind of Presby-

terian ultras, upon the superiority of her clergy in most respects, but chiefly in regard to that which most peculiarly disgraces a black coat. She opened her eyes wide upon me, then shook her head, and at last said, ‘I should suspect you of sneering, but I recollect you come from the south, and I have remarked that you English are very ignorant in all that regards the Scotch clergy; and it is as well.’—‘What do you mean?’ said I, ‘it is not long since I read a book, which seemed to come from a candid pen, and your sects (for I believe even you are somewhat divided) were particularly eulogized. I remember it was asserted that scarcely a blemish could be found amongst the clergy of the——, I forget what you are called.’—‘Seceders?’—‘No, no; it is something of a civic sound.’ She laughed heartily at my ignorance, and said, ‘I suppose you mean Burghers?’—‘Yes, that is it.’—‘But our clergy don’t like that term now, they like better to be called Seceders.’—‘I wonder at that,’ said I, ‘for I suppose in Scotland all that diverge from the kirk, are Seceders, but all are not Burghers.’—‘Diverge from the kirk!’ said she, ‘the kirk diverged from us. We are the only true Calvinists.’ As she coloured rather deeply, and seemed a good deal outraged, I thought it best

to divert the Calvinistic spirit into another channel, knowing that of old it was apt to burn; and therefore I asked why she looked so grave on my congratulation in respect to the superior correctness of their clergy?' She sighed deeply, and said, 'Our church, aye, amongst the very strictest sects, has afforded but too many examples of error in that way; but you must excuse me on such a subject.' I felt that it certainly was not one for her to discuss; but on asking some of my male friends, I found that, as she had said, there were sad taints amongst them, and that several depositions had taken place on the score of Luther and Kate, and that their clergy were restrained more by the popular breath than from any purifying influence in their creed. Indeed I had been very much puzzled to imagine how the author alluded to, could possibly be correct, because human nature, unless restrained, and as it were re-made, by the steady contemplation of one mode of life, must always be the same; and in *them* human nature is peculiarly unshackled by the unqualified and *all-absorbing* doctrine of the saving influence of faith alone. I have heard several of this body of clergy preach, and I declare I have not heard from their lips one moral admonition. Why

then should we expect them to be better than other ordinary men? Many, many a time here do I remember what the first protester said of Jerome: 'I cannot bear this Jerome, he is so constantly canting about fasting and a pure life.' These men are brought up with love and matrimony in all their thoughts, and being unmortified, and not half employed, it is not wonderful that they should afford such frequent matter for scandal. When I say frequent, of course I speak with reference to what they ought to be. Depend upon it that, independent of vows, and even of fasting, the best recipe for mischief of all kinds is employment. I often remember you, when the minister, in whose house I am at present a guest, comes into the breakfast parlour, at eight o'clock, just risen; his utmost labour having been to step to the flower-border for a nosegay, being somewhat effeminately attached to these most beautiful of nature's productions. Before the same hour, how much duty have you performed! before the expiration of the next two, how much to perform! But it is on Sundays that you most particularly live in my memory. Your early prayers for all who chuse to attend; your faithful fast until you have nourished the souls of others by instruction, and your own by

the food of the faithful ! _ Indeed, indeed, I may not dwell upon a contrast which makes even such a reckless wretch as I weep.

“ ‘ But I am like some ladies, who leave the chief purport and design of their letter to a postscript. I sat down to implore, to beg, that you or Mr D’Alembert will set about an exposure of the abuse which Protestants have made of Scripture. The clergyman to whom I am on a visit, is the same I spoke of as being a very amiable man (though ignorant of or careless about church form) is continually in his sermons pointing out mis-translations of Scripture. Whether he does this from his natural candour, or from a wish to shew his learning, I cannot tell, but the effect is most ludicrous. I understand that of the very few *gentlemen* who attend his kirk, most, if not all of them, are Deists. They of course may be seen sneering at this exposure, while the females (gentle and simple) as they say here, look dismayed. I could see many of them turn up their Bibles, and hear some of them sigh, as they thus found their rock shaken, their palladium thus sacrilegiously explored. Last Sunday, after dinner, when the ladies had retired, and left us to our whisky and water—not a bad beverage—and alas ! my dear

sir, I have a sad account to give of myself. Poor as this country is, and you see its poverty peeping through at every crack and crevice of their hospitality—which, by the bye, is rather cumbrous and ostentatious;—yet there is no voluntary self-denial—no holy forbearance—nothing in the shape of self-infliction; and as you often admonish your careful housekeeper, ‘that which is from the necessity of hunger tends not to edification;’—poor, I say, as this country is, I am sure that in the whole world there is not one, be its extent what it may, in which there is so much strong drink swallowed, but a drink that tends as little to strengthen the animal part of man, as their sermons, purely spiritual, tend to brace the moral nerves of the hearer. Excuse me, but when I write to you, it is strange that I sometimes find myself sliding into your own colloquial style; and I have always remarked, that those who are most diffusive in conversation, are most impatient of wandering in others. ‘Come to the point,’ is generally the mandate of such. I do grudge this profusion of drink in my host’s case, for he has a wife and six children; but here a man *must* give drink, or be held as base as he who in certain society should refuse to satisfy another by blowing out his brains.—

But to return to my subject. I asked Mr Sangster, why he pursues a practice which certainly tends very much to alarm the weak and to strengthen the strong in their very worst doubts. He has a peculiar manner. I wish I could place him before you at this moment, both because he would interest your best feelings, and because his every motion speaks. He fixed his eyes upon me, smiled, turned himself round in his seat, but remained silent. I was not then aware that he always becomes pale when suddenly called upon to explain anything, a circumstance which perhaps has a history in it; and I began to suspect that, like our good friend, Dr Campian, he was liable to sudden fits. However, after considering for some time, he found his speech, and having twisted his legs, elevated his right fore-finger into the exact position of entire confidence, and sent an exploring glance around the room,—for most Scotchmen seem afraid of an ambuscade in morals—he replied with, ‘Man, I am sometimes glad to find fault with anything, so that I can but get on. If I were to tell you of my hair-breadth ’scapes in the pulpit, you would be amazed. Eloquence is now a positive fashion in Scotland; we are pitted against each other like wild beasts in the Roman amphi-

theatre. I mean such as are ambitious, or who wish to keep the meeting-houses down. The *Scotch* clergy, as we designate the regulars'—this was uttered with a smile—'may be divided into three classes; the largest are what the wits call stipend-lifters, and truly with too much reason. The bulk of these are the sons of little farmers, mechanics, hinds, herds, and so on; generally the most sickly of the family, who being held too delicate for hard work in the fields, or for a sedentary life at the loom, &c. are destined by their parents to the high vocation of the church. We of a better order look with an evil and contemptuous eye upon these upstarts, as some call them. I have no such feeling, because at all times the church has been open to men of the meanest extraction; and why not, if, as was the case in that mass of errors, the Church of Rome, the selection originated in the priests themselves, who, when they saw early talent in the most lowly, took care, for their own upholding, to direct it to some order or another? But here it is quite otherwise: the delicate health of the boy, or the overweening conceit of ignorant parents, who very often mistake a good memory, or the reckless readiness of a half judgment, for gifts which imperatively point to the service of

God! In either case, many a parent, and six or eight or ten children, are starved for as many years, and perhaps involved in difficulties for the residue of their days, in order to educate a hopeful, who by and by is sometimes ashamed to own them!’ As he had mentioned the Roman Church, I thought I might venture to make a remark, and I said, ‘These things were better ordered of old; the boy was educated at the cost of the church, and being removed from society, except merely to serve it, had no need to banish or shun his poor relatives.’—‘No,’ said he, biting his right thumb nail, ‘there were many advantages. These horrid poor-rates, that only give enough to prolong existence, and that seem to mock poverty Yes, the monastery-gates were no bad things.’—He started up, for, like you, he suffers deeply on account of the poor; but speedily resuming his seat with a resolute air, which seemed to say, ‘No matter—she is down, and keep her so,’—he plunged at once into the former subject.—‘I need not say, that such men are vulgarly and scantily educated, merely fulfilling the prescribed terms, and often, very often, labouring with their hands instead of their heads, during the intervals; so that, in fact, we have amongst us a large portion of low—I mean low

in intellectual cultivation—vulgar, ignorant men. However, this evil must be at a stand, for the poor are now so very poor, that even if they could live on air, and become absolute nudities, they could not possibly achieve anything in the shape of education. A great part of these were destined originally for the Secession, but getting into gentlemen's families as tutors, they very gladly place themselves under the banners of patronage; but instead of bringing into our body the zeal of the parent stock, they seem rather to bring the lukewarmness of step-sons. But renegades are never to be trusted; and it has been remarked, that none are more literal stipend-lifters than these dubious creatures, who, upon their first coming to a parish, make a shew of visiting the flock once within the first year, and after that content themselves with going where they are sure of a good dinner, or where, till they get a wife, they are lured by pretty or well-portioned daughters. The next class make a struggle at decency, go the rounds from once in one year to once in ten, and visit those who are *very* sick. The third and smallest, but increasing in number, is composed of what are called Evangelical. These seem anxious to revive the spirit of their fathers, or rather first

founders, but in a more refined way, and make strenuous efforts at popularity. It is they who are as it were pitted against each other, and I cannot but think that every man of genuine taste must revolt from their general manner. I belong to the last class, but I don't know how it is, I never had a gift at making sermons, and this is the more surprising, as I set out an exceedingly clever boy with what I still possess—an extraordinary memory; but——' Here he paused long, and I was on the point of saying, 'the profession was not to your taste,' when, releasing his left leg from its serpentine situation, making a straight pillar of it, and twisting the right in its place, and taking at once a snuff and a new position, he proceeded, after a long-drawn sigh, with, 'Man, I set out as most of us do, and what in these days of investigation is unavoidable—somewhat free in my notions; and being honest, the business which I was forced to pursue was up-hill work with me.'—'But how did your notions alter so as to justify your taking holy orders? I think you became a preacher at twenty-three; had your speculations and doubts ceased *long* before that period?'—His ashy hue returned, and throwing away the remains of his snuff, releasing his legs, biting his

right thumb, and covering his eyes with his left hand, he continued silent for at least ten minutes. At last, as if by a mighty effort, he said, 'It is indeed awful! but I trust that the end may justify the means.'—'What end?' said I.—'Probe me no farther:—I am at least better than the rest; they swallow the draught—I know they do—with not a thousandth part of my compunction. But after all (and he looked absolutely fierce) who can say it is false? We are sure of nothing, and better lead souls to—to what?—It will not do—I have too much sense, too much humanity for THAT bait..... *Man!* the leader of souls to mercy through the medium of a mere thought! What then is God?'

"Poor fellow! I felt for him. Believe me, the sweat stood in large drops upon his forehead, and I am positive he wept. Has this man, thought I, this naturally honest fellow, sold his rectitude for a morsel of bread? Glad to divert his thoughts, I said, 'You forget the translations.'—'True; but all hangs on the same peg. I do not study, for how can I? But I fix upon a text, turn up the references, and as I am a pretty good scholar, I find immense relief in giving new translations instead of orthodox expositions.'—'But, my dear sir, why, in your situ-

tion, did you take the evangelical side of the kirk? Blair's Discourses were chiefly moral; a man like you might have delivered essays equal to those in the *Rambler*.'—He again re-established his legs, and looking at me reproachfully, he said, 'Have you any relations—any uncles, aunts, brothers, sisters—or—a pretty enthusiast who is anxiously expecting to be established with you for life?'—'I have no tie of the last sort, but I have many dear relations.'—'Have you had your bread to work for in any shape?'—'No, in no shape whatever.'—'Then judge not of him who has. O! man, if you knew the influence of clamorous persuasion—the withdrawing of kindness—the inundation of reasons—and above all, the magic of patronage! Where is the man who, without his own consent, was at first led into the path, and who, having food and covering to earn, will not pursue it, if so beset? Besides, we are all trained in this country—I don't know so well how it is with you—in the very school of temporising, and we are censured, scoffed at, scorned, if we do not succumb and court favour. We boast of our releasement from feudal times! We are all feudatories, only under a different modification. The man or the woman who in this country would aim at

but an *independent thought*, is the butt for ridicule, probably for persecution, under some shape or other. No; we have exchanged ferocity for cunning; that is all. The power, the art of courting and of temporising, now forms an essential part of every man's instructions to his family. It matters not his class. There is something radically wrong in the whole system: in short, the whole man is sick—corrupt.'—'But the translations. How comes it that the Bible, having gone through the hands of so many wise men, and at a time when faith was renewed, and, as you think, purified, that there should be so many flaws in your Protestant versions?'—He now assumed a new attitude. He was like a man who has resolved on a mighty effort, and, planting both his feet firmly, with a hand on each knee, he fixed his eyes on my face for a whole minute, I am sure; and at last relaxing his frame, and throwing himself back in his chair, he laughed heartily for some time. 'How comes it?' said he at last, 'how comes it? Have you no guess?' and then coming close to my ear, he whispered, 'To put down popery was the grand reason, and *I hope* ignorance another. Do you not know how much depended at first on an *and* or an *or*, a *but* or a *for*? There was

sad havoc in those days amongst the parts of speech.'

"I was shocked to hear this avowal; I had often heard amongst ourselves that such was the case, but—now you must excuse me; you know I am a sad doubter—I really believed it was a mode of speaking amongst you, perhaps in anger. But to be thus assured by one of themselves, and one of the most candid! It was my turn now to pause, and to look in the face of my friend. I doubted whether I should not in candour avow myself; but I recollected how much the reverse of candour had been evinced, and was every day evincing by them, and that having come partly to know the sort of people who had so violently put us down, and having had my misgivings—pardon me—as to whether they were not in fact our superiors in piety and morality—for why else should we hear so much of them?—I deemed it wise not to lose the chance which I now had of knowing the real truth. I felt too—what was weak, but it was humanity—that the poor man would be shocked at having placed so much confidence in that dreadful, faithless thing, a Catholic! Recollect, my dear sir, that even when we come to speak of this gentleman, it must be by a feigned name,

for I hold it base, indeed it would be dangerous to him, were it known that he had made such communications; but I think we owe it to ourselves, even to make public that the clergy of Scotland do not always deny the tricks to which they resorted while asserting that we *made* a Bible for ourselves. Shame upon them! After all, I blush for associating with them, but yet it is good to know the actual truth, and especially at a crisis like this, when aspersed as we are, the weak or ignorant amongst ourselves may begin to credit calumnies. I have seen even a strong-minded and most virtuous person, who, after a series of condemnation from enemies and pretended friends, lost all confidence in himself, and yielded to incurable despondency. So thinking it good to know as much as I could, without any criminal concealment or assumption of character on my part, I resolved not to reveal myself; and as soon as my surprise had subsided, I said, ‘May I ask how men who have been styled the Scottish worthies, could be accessory to such things?’ His body was again contorted, and he seemed in the very throes of a moral birth; at last, after one of his long pauses, he said, ‘My dear fellow, you seem to be an acute man, and a man of some observation, how then do you come

to suppose that human nature is ever greatly altered, excepting under very peculiar circumstances? And such circumstances are not attendant on mad, furious, party zeal. Do you suppose that virtue gave the impetus, or that virtue kept it up? I have lived fifty years in this murderous, contentious world, and believe me, whatever sins I have been guilty of—(and I live in a perpetual and accursed sin)—that of party cruelty is my abhorrence. Indeed, bloodshed to me in any shape, from that of a mouse upwards, is so dreadful to all my senses, that I am constrained to believe myself an absolute coward. But, as I said before, party is in fact the ruling principle of this life. If you have read our history,—even our partial histories,—I cannot shut up my perceptions,—they are very partial,—you will see that the Reformation did not *commence* in virtue; but I do believe, that by and by there were thousands of zealous reformers, those who either knew or were led to believe that the Roman Church teemed with vices.’—‘Stop,’ said I, ‘*knew, or were led to believe!*’—surely you do not mean to say, that in so momentous a cause as this, that of life, liberty, and character,—to say nothing of the noble edifices that were robbed and often demolished,

—that the reformers acted on hearsay?’—‘My dear fellow,’ said he, in his mild, calm tone, and twisting his legs into the very position of entire candour, ‘We all act on hearsay; for my part, I confess candidly, I know little or nothing of Papists. I heard, when a boy, that they were and are dreadful monsters—tissues, fabrics of deceit, superstition, and vice. I believed it then, and, God knows, it has never been my interest to unbelieve it. Besides, a man has no time to investigate everything, and of whom are we to ask? Our booksellers’ shops have scarcely (I should think) any Catholic books. I *am* a candid man, and I have wished at any rate to know something of them; and one day I went into six several book-shops in Edinburgh, and could find neither a Catholic Bible nor a Missal, and something else diverting my attention at the time, and it not being my interest to know any good of them, I never renewed the search.’—‘Good God,’ said I, in warmth, ‘and is that principle—to live and fatten on the spoils of a great people, and not so much as know if they were fairly put down! How different are we!’—Here I bit my lip, but he did not observe the slip—‘I have heard Catholics speak of the Scotch nation as of men who

investigate everything, as far as it is possible to do so.’—‘Then they must suppose that we *knowingly* continue to injure them.’—‘No; they believe that the Scotch are a people enwrapped in strong and almost irradicable prejudices, and that, at any rate, there is sufficient fair ground, as you deem, for keeping them down, that is, on your own adopted dogmas; and that simply viewing the Catholics as a people devoted to works—(though I have reason to believe that they uphold faith as the grand foundation)—and as maintaining seven sacraments instead of two, and believing you to be violent in all you adopt, they in fact seek to find for you a kind of apology, for they do *not* believe that you act ignorantly, indeed how can they so believe, hearing continually, as they do, so much of your learning and piety?’

“A dead pause ensued for some time. At last I resumed, and said, ‘Will you permit me to ask you one question? Is there *more*, or is there *less* virtue since the Reformation?’—He was still silent, and such an effect had my question, that he did not even seek a new position. I waited a long time, and feeling indignant, for I suspected the infamous truth, I at last said, rather sharply, ‘The question is a very simple

one, and a man of your education must know what Scotland was three hundred years ago, and your observation cannot but tell you what it is at present.’—‘Your question,’ said he, ‘tears my very vitals, for I loathe vice. The contrast between Scotland three hundred years ago, and what it is this day, is fearful! Better! No, my friend, we are not better, and we are every day growing worse. Our towns teem with blackguardism; our villages with recruits for the same scenes; and our heaths and muirs with unprincipled but quiet knaves. Truth is nowhere to be heard, and honesty seems to hold itself a weakness. But let us change the subject.’—Just then, a letter was presented to Mr Sangster, who, after looking at the address, and next at the seal, tossed it from him, and then assumed one of his most resolute positions, and exclaimed, ‘Impudent fellow! and, forsooth, he must not be named in the church—This is the fourth or fifth offence that I have heard of, and . . .’ He mumbled something to himself which I could not make out.—‘He must be a pertinacious offender,’ said I; ‘but you had better read his apology.’—‘Apology! the only apology he will make is in the shape of five guineas to the poor.’—‘May I ask his crime?’—‘Seduction,

and of the prettiest and best-behaved girl in the whole parish.’—‘ And do you inflict no punishment, no’—I had almost said—‘ penance?’—‘ No,’ said he, ‘ the punishment—that of rebuke in public—is abolished in most parishes, and was a painful duty to the clergyman.’—‘ And is this present to the poor the result of deep contrition?’—‘ Indeed, I fear there is little contrition, but he cannot otherwise have church privileges.’—‘ And what are church privileges?’—‘ Why, the privilege of being allowed to take the sacrament on this day fortnight; and it is by no means impossible, that next year, at this time, he will present the parish with another pair of gifts.’—‘ Heavens!’ said I, starting to my feet, ‘ will you tell me,—in the name of that God to whom we are all accountable,—tell me for what you put down Popery, even were it as bad as your Calvin and Knox represented it to be? Since I came here, I have heard of ten deposed clergymen for conduct such as that for which I find your laymen can buy absolution, and half of them were married men.’ I have myself been intimate, as you know, with him of the golden watch, whose affair is hushed up; and as far as I learn, he will not so much as be rebuked; and within the circuit of ten miles I have heard of

two of your priests having died violent deaths in consequence of drunkenness. But, sir,—for I got warm—‘ I count those small crimes, compared to what I am an ear-witness to amongst you. Passion and artful allurements may betray a man into crime—society, and the love of hilarity, may lead him into inebriety; but there is no excuse, no apology whatever, for the disgraceful language I have heard—(not from you)—from many of your clergy. I am a gay man; but, by heaven, my ears have tingled, and my cheeks have burned with shame, at the gratuitous, coarse, fulsome ribaldry of your cloth. Allow me to ask, what had been the train of their thoughts before such words could come from their mouths? And can you not easily suppose, that a body of men, whose minds have never been allowed to contemplate even matrimony, must be tenfold more pure and correct than such priests as I have met with in this land of Calvinism?’—Mr Sangster was too conscious of the truth of my accusation to offer one word in defence, for he is a modest man, and I had seen him wincing under the unworthy jokes to which he is often exposed. Nay, the Bible itself is often food for low puns and wretched witticisms.

“And now, my dear sir, I must bid you adieu for the present. There is to be a great festival here in ten days, and as Mr Sangster insists on my remaining, I have consented, and must contrive some useful presents for the children, so as fully to remunerate my cost. I have a few more visits to make, and then I shall turn my face towards the south. But go where I will, I shall never cease to love one, who, if I err, has left the fault all my own; and believe me, I am more compunctious for my errors, and more conscious of your exertions, since I came here. And if my reverence for our venerable Church could be increased, it is by contrasting her with this cold, bald, naked, coarse system. Ah! can I think of your mornings, devoted first to God in your own person—next to those who *will* come to him—next to the infirmary and to sick persons scattered far and wide—your dinner, eaten in haste, sometimes scarcely at all—your afternoons, devoted to the youths of your schools—and your evenings, to the sacred rite of Confession! And all this, not for one day in a month, one day in a week, but for almost every day! When I look upon the mere sinecures of these men, and contrast your labours with their (at the very best) comparative idle-

ness, and reflect that you, and such as you, are reviled, and your people held as no better than Helots, I have not words sufficiently expressive of my grief and indignation ! Always your devoted,

“SPORTINVILLE.”

“Now,” said Mr Ashburn, “this has been a long sederunt; I make no comment, for I have no time, on this letter. Tomorrow I shall be engaged the whole day; but, if possible, on Wednesday I shall see you again.”

CHAPTER VI.

ON Wednesday, Mr Ashburn was true to his promise, and after the usual salutations, he said “Now, you must not think that Mr Sportinville either wrote invidiously, or that I read invidiously; but surely we cannot be blamed, for shewing to those who are friendly, or the reverse, what it is that has for three centuries been the fantastic idol of bigotry and ignorance. My friend says,—

‘My dear sir—I wrote you that I had consented to remain until Mr Sangster’s—upon my word, I tremble to write it, but such is the phrase in Scotland—Mr Sangster’s sacrament was over. One would imagine, that instead of lessening the number of sacraments, that they were multiplied, by Presbyterian Protestants, beyond numeration, for since I came here, I have heard of the sacraments of Mr A. or Mr B., &c. and of others going to assist. At

first, I imagined that these gentlemen were magistrates; and one day, when dining at the house of a Mr Abercorn, a gentleman farmer distinguished for low wit and vulgarity, I expressed my surprise at the number of recruits in these districts, and asked where they mustered—for I had not a doubt that the Mr B.'s or Mr A.'s sacraments were regimental oaths. With much difficulty we came to a mutual understanding; when Mrs Abercorn, still more vulgar than her husband, asked me if I had never heard of a sacrament till I came to Scotland? and a loud and uproarious laugh was raised at my expense; but Mr Sangster, who has been a shield between me and the boors here, said, that my mistake was not only a most natural one, but carried in it a reproof which he hoped they would profit by, as nothing could be more indecent than to hear the Last Supper talked of as Mr Blair's or Mr Anybody's Sacrament. I resolved from that time to be very cautious; for, though you have never experienced it, you can fancy nothing more distressing than to be the butt of low wit, which is peculiarly abundant here, and if I understand the language at all, it is calculated to cut very deep, with an appearance of being merely jocose. But I see Major S——, with his dogs, and as I would

not outrage the feelings of Mrs Sangster, nor act in opposition to what should be those of her husband, I mean to be very active this week, to make up for what I must lose in the next. So adieu!"

"*Monday, September 24th.*—This is the Sacramental week of Mr Sangster, and whether it is that I have been habituated to feel an increase of reverence and awe upon our more solemn festivals, I know not, or whether I mistake the excitation of curiosity for those sacred sensations, I cannot tell; but there is something very unusual in my feelings upon the commencement of this week. I believe I am not free from compunction for remaining upon such an occasion, and I am filled with something very like horror, in the reflection, that those people, with the exception of Sundays, have no periods of common participation, however far asunder they may be. And even Sunday, what is it to them?—their occupation of it entirely desultory, and at the will of any man! Who of its members can look at his watch at mid-day and say, 'Now are all that have opportunity employed in the same sacred way with the same individual words!' I suppose next Wednesday is to be a solemn fast, for I hear it perpetually recurred to

as *the* fast-day, and a great deal about assistants, and great anxiety to be able to procure the most popular preachers! In this last, Mr S. had been nearly baffled, for another clergyman, distant about ten miles, had fixed his fast on the same day, which was looked upon as utter contumacy, and after much riding and coaxing, he was prevailed upon to make his on the Thursday. But what I hear most of, is getting all the sacraments over before the ‘wat wather.’ Good heaven, what a way of serving God, and of commemorating the sacrifice of his Son! However, I am prepared for something very grand on Wednesday—Wednesday, the festival of St Linus! shall I be justified in so misspending it? At the very moment when Mr White is writhing and sweating himself into popularity, how different will your employment be? The very anxiety of these men for the public breath, that is, when they do care, shews the foundation on which they stand. Ah! how different from the apostolic security of St Linus!—But my curiosity is strongly excited, for yesterday afternoon, Mr Sangster preached in express preparation of it, at least such was his intention, for his text was, ‘But ye, when ye fast, be not as the hypocrites.’ I settled myself into a solemn at-

tention, and expected a full exposition of the Calvinistic mode of fasting, but in three minutes he wandered into a definition of the word hypocrite—thence into an attack on the Pharisees—and concluded with, at least, ten conjectures about what was possibly figured or written upon the phylacteries, while not one moral injunction escaped his lips.

“*Wednesday evening, 26th.*—Most gladly, my dear sir, do I retire to my own room.... The *fast day* is near a close. I need hardly say, that accustomed as we are to early self-denial, I felt little dread in the anticipation of a day’s complete fasting, nor any desire to secure myself by a more hearty supper than usual on the preceding evening. I had set myself down this morning to a union of thoughts with the millions from whom I was separated, but most especially did my soul mingle with that of my faithful guide. Just as I was carried back along with you to the period of Linus, little Jacob knocked at my door, and said, ‘Ye mun come doon; we breakfast an hoor sooner on the fast-day.’—‘What do you mean?’ said I. ‘Joust that we ha’ to gang to the kirk, ye ken, and the far-away fok maun have a nakkit at ten o’clock.’ What was meant

by nakkit (I think that was the word) I could not guess; but as it seemed to be the cause of this early breakfast, I thought that it was probably some sort of penance, and that then the fast would commence. I found the breakfast table even more abundant than usual, and our smiling hostess evidently gratified by its goodly appearance. 'We have always a fresh boiled mutton ham,' said she, 'on the fast-day; I have made that a rule ever since I came here; indeed that is an article which costs us nothing, for the farmers are very attentive that way. And I always break up,' (she meant open) 'my first jar of strawberry jam on this day. I hope you like preserves: you will find these excellent—— Yes, yes, my man:' turning to my friend Jacob. 'O! keep away just now; I'll not forget one of you—you shall all taste the jam. There are particular days, Mr Sportinville, on which I like to make agreeable impressions on the minds of my children. Poor wee things! when ye are all dispersed over the world, you will mind your father's fast-day, and your mother's strawberry jam.' Well, thought I, that is by way of softening what to such unpractised persons may seem the horrors of a fast. We breakfasted, and I confess that, conceiving there was

something very threatening in the word ‘nakkit,’ and not being sure of what prolonged severities it might be the forerunner, I did play the camel. Again I was full of lassitude—I was sad—I could scarcely tell why. I never travel without a volume or two of Butler’s Lives of the Saints, and although I cannot concede, even to you, that there is not a great deal of superfluous suffering and infliction amongst them, for which we can find an excuse only in their excessive sensitiveness on the score of their own moral turpitude, yet who will not be improved by the perusal of such piety and self-denial? I had dipped into the life of Ignatius, turned from it with a certainty that he was an enthusiast; next looked into that of Bonaventure, and I fancied that his assurance to brother Giles, upon being asked what such poor creatures can do to correspond to the immense goodness of God, that ‘if God bestow on every one no other talent than that of loving him, this alone suffices, and is every spiritual treasure,’ was too like the solifidienism of the Calvinist; while I found the severe works of another, acts of superfluity. In this discontented, desponding state, I threw my books aside, folded my hands, and yielded to a kind

of stupid reverie, from which I was aroused, at the hour of ten, by my little friend Jacob, who, knocking with great hilarity, said, ‘Come away, Mr Abercorn’s here, and Mr Tweedie, and Mr Shortseed;’—running over a dozen names:—‘I dare say there’s ten horses in the stable and in the byer thegither.’—‘You seem very happy to-day, Jacob.’—‘Yes, I’m very glad the day, for ye see we get the play, and they’re owr busy to gi’es ony questions, and we’ll get the play a’ Saturday and a’ Monday, and nae questions on Sabbath.’—We entered the parlour together, when, to my unspeakable astonishment, I found a side-table loaded with ham, butter, cheese, honey, preserves, whiskey and Scotch porter. I had just risen from the self-denials of the Saints, and, for an instant, I imagined that these viands were displayed for the purpose of giving a lesson in resistance; but I was speedily undeceived by the unanimous alacrity with which the new come guests commenced cutting and chewing, which, by the way, they do in this part of the country with equal avidity and noise. I turned from the sight with a feeling of disgust, and withdrawing Jacob, asked him when I should see the nakkit? when the little urchin laughed me to scorn

almost as heartily as Abercorn had done about the recruits, and replied, 'That's the nakkit they're busy wee:—dinna keep me here, I want a-piece cheese; it came frae the Laird's; it's half cream.' I walked into the garden, when presently a servant appeared, saying 'Ye had better eat something, sir, for they get it a' thegither the day.' I declined, on the score of having eaten a very hearty breakfast, and I felt relieved on being thus assured that I had seen the last meal for the day. I walked on, and placing myself in the cold, dirty kirk, once more abandoned my mind to thoughts which had scarcely a shape or a purpose. I found the service dreadfully tedious, for the two combatants made no interval, the one ascending the pulpit steps as soon as the other had come down, and each preaching with uncommon vehemence for somewhat more than an hour. They were both Evangelical, and of course their poor sinning people were not reminded of one virtue, nor guarded against a single vice. I had been inert and discontented before, I was now indignant and angry. I had spent three hours in worse than idleness. Their prayers were tedious, presumptuous, sometimes almost blasphemous, and totally deficient in good taste. Their version of the psalms is vulgar, and their

music is utterly unworthy of the name. The congregation—but it beggars description—there is scarcely an attempt at decency. I shall not talk of ourselves: I will refer them to the very Turk for an example of decorum in a place of worship. The common people, and even farmers, seem anxious to shew that the place of gathering in, is nothing; for—would you believe it?—they actually spit in their places of worship, so that a man has his steps to pick as he goes along the aisle. In the genteel churches of large towns, things are of course better ordered, but that seems to proceed more from the refinement than from the piety of the people. Jacob, who seemed vexed that I had not partaken of the nakkit, and who probably, with the quick penetration of a child, read disapprobation in my face, seemed now anxious to conciliate my regard, and putting his hand kindly in mine, led me into the dining-room, where, to my astonishment, I found the table laid out for fifteen or twenty persons, and in a short time a plain and substantial dinner was put down. For an instant I imagined that an affront had been put upon me, and that having heard I was a Catholic, they had talked of a fast by way of a practical joke. Had I been a Highlander, I should have felt for my dirk; but as it

was, the blood rushed to my face, and I exclaimed, ‘In the name of heaven, when does your fast commence?’ This query produced, first, a loud and long burst of laughter, next an interrogation from Mr Abercorn of ‘where in the world I had been born and brought up?’ And this would probably have been followed by some rude remark, but for the instant interference of Mr Sangster, who, with an ill-suppressed indignation, and a glance round his table, said, ‘That certainly a more inappropriate term than that of fast could not have been chosen; and,’ added he, ‘I think it full time that we should drop it. There is little doubt it had its source in an observance of the real sort by our forefathers, who still retained it though a relic of Popery’ (the term always used here as the very mildest) ‘and I must say, that since we despise the practice, we should abolish the mockery of its name.’—Before he had finished his little apology for me, the priests, farmers, and one or two gentlemen, were lost in admiration of good broth, well-cured beef, and other edibles, which paved the way to cisterns no way broken; and in an hour the ladies seemed well pleased to retreat from the noise of the ‘fast-day’s dinner,’ an appellation by which, I since learn, it is designated.

“ *Sunday Evening.*—As I found that my joining the Major would give no offence, I left the Manse with him on Thursday, and did not return till about six o’clock on Saturday evening, when I was surprised to find almost the same company we had parted from three days before. The Major had purposely deceived me, and I thus missed a kind of second fast-day, entirely, I suppose, like its predecessor, only that the service—of again two spiritual gladiators—is in the afternoon, and it is again followed by a sumptuous dinner, and streams of whiskey and water. There was not however the slightest inebriety; that is, nobody was drunk. Everybody was hilarious. Abercorn was not there; and after tea we had a good deal of pleasant conversation, during which every one seemed satisfied, excepting a minister of the name of Burley. He never opened his mouth; and his large, projecting grey eyes, which seemed formed only for the expression of expectation, were ever and anon turned to the door. I felt a strong wish, as the party dropped off, that he also would withdraw, but I was disappointed; he remained, and scarcely seemed to respire until supper appeared, when a gleam of satisfaction was apparent. ‘The man is a glut-

ton,' thought I. But no; he seemed more inclined to fast than any one I had met with: eat nothing, but still had the look of ardent expectation; and at last I imagined he had run from his creditors, and was apprehensive of being seized. I should have felt sorry for him, had it not been that I never saw 'villain' more legibly written in any man's face. He began, as supper was withdrawing, to speak a little, and I fancied that the lateness of the hour relieved him from his apprehensions; but the enigma was soon solved, for upon two bottles being put down, he took one literally in his arms, and speedily offered an abundant libation to his ardent desires. The ladies remained for an hour, when Mrs Sangster whispered something to her husband, in which I heard the words 'bottles,' and holding up her finger, she added, 'be sure not to forget.' We sat another hour, when Mr Sangster apologized to me for having been under the necessity of putting Mr Burley into the spare bed in my room. Of course I could make no objection, but I should have preferred any other companion, for he was at least half seas over. I cut short my vespers, and hastened into bed, that I might leave the coast clear for this Caliban, and soon sunk into a disturbed, feverish sleep.

Hounds, horns, extensive heaths, emaciated ascetics, a full-grown hierarchy, fierce hosts contending around it, the demolition and sack of altars, the murder of priests, and a confused Babel of fifty contending creeds, all crossed and re-crossed my imagination in a sort of horrid array, when I was completely roused by a crash and a deep groan. I started up, and thrusting my feet (luckily) into a pair of slippers, I followed the sound, which led me to about the middle of the stair, where I found a human body, but being completely dark, I could not know whose. I asked what was the matter? shook it gently, but received no answer; and being unwilling to disturb the family, I walked down to the dining-room, and finding the fire in an excellent state, lighted one of the candles which had been left. I should have told you, that the dining-room and my apartment, which is above it, form what in Scotland is called 'a lay-too,' such as many of the old manse have, consequently a great deal might pass in that end of the house without being heard in the other. I ascended, candle in hand, and at a sharp turn in the stair found Mr Burley, with a glass in one hand, and the fragments of a large bottle in the other, his face prone and much cut, and the remains of the candle I had left burning,

extinguished and thrown to some distance. I turned him up, and finding that there was no vital wound, was quite satisfied that his insensibility proceeded from brutish intoxication; and considering everything, I thought my most delicate mode was to know nothing of this affair, unless interrogated, which was not very likely to happen. So I half-dragged and half-carried him down, and laid him upon a large sofa, which, luckily, the room afforded. But I was puzzled what to do with his cheek, which bled profusely; and after some consideration, I applied the only styptic in my power—a piece of a cambric handkerchief, doubled five or six times, and well soaked in his true idol—whiskey; and throwing his own pocket-handkerchief over his face, I left him. As he was half-dressed, and I found my candle considerably diminished, I suppose that he had been shewn up to his room by our host, and that after sitting some time, and even proceeding so far as to be partly prepared for his bed, the violent desire for ‘one bottle more,’ had overcome every other consideration; and that not being contented with his dose, he was carrying off in triumph a dernier resort. I now guessed at the cause of Mrs Sangster’s anxious look when she admonished her husband about ‘the bottles;’

but as he is proverbially absent, he had forgotten her charge. From the circumstances which followed, it is probable that her rest had been early broken in upon by anxiety on the subject, for I am certain she was up before any of her domestics. A piece of glass had penetrated my slipper, but the wound is of no consequence, and I am determined, as Dominie Samson says, to be utterly 'oblivious.' I remained in my apartment until summoned by my faithful Jacob, (a charming boy—mad about guns and dogs—I shall buy him a commission in the army, if his spirit keep true,) who ran immediately to the bed destined for Mr Burley, and said, 'Mr Burley's no here; he took very ill last night, and my father and my mother took him into their bed.'—'When?'—'I dinna ken; but it's a great pity, for he was to serve the first table after my father; and Mr White—ill-natured body—has gotten a' the best hands ower to his sacrament.'—'Table!' said I in surprise, 'what table?'—'The tables in the kirk, ye ken. Losh! did ye never see the sacrament tables, a' covered wi' white cloths, and great stoups o' wine and lumps o' bread handed about?'—'Never.'—The boy laughed till his eyes watered, and then coming close to my ear, he said, 'D'ye ken what Mr Abercorn says about you?'

—‘No.’—‘That ye ken as little as his meer.’—I descended to the parlour, found Mr Sangster pale and vexed-looking, his wife bustling about the breakfast-table, and at intervals lamenting the sudden illness of Mr Burley, and extolling his presence of mind ‘in not disturbing Mr Sportinville when he found that he was to have a violent attack of cramp in his stomach.’—I heard a deep sigh from her husband, and saw a look of reproach for saying more than was needful. In two hours we were all assembled in church, and although this is a wild country, it was crowded to overflowing, partly because the hero of the golden watch had been expected, and partly because the church of L——, about five miles from this, was under repair. Mr Sangster preached what I find is called the ‘Action Sermon,’ a term evidently borrowed from our ‘Action of the Mass;’ and after a long and desultory prayer, and some wretched psalmody, he what is called ‘fenced the tables,’ that is, read out invitations and prohibitions. Now mark—it is just then that many a bloated conscience must make itself up to ‘come forward’ or to stay back, for, since the time of first communicating, no person there had spoken, as I found, upon the subject to a priest. What a

contrast! Could I do otherwise than again burn with indignation, as I thought of your eight or nine years' training; your most especial exertions for forty days during Lent; and your patient listening to, and considering the case of, every conscience previous to our solemn communion? Next the priest announced, that while the tables were filling and the elders—the *elders!*—were bringing forward the *elements*, a psalm would be sung; when we had a sort of intermitting thing, which was indeed a mockery of all solemnity. But it mattered not—for just then, when every heart should have been intent on its own wickedness, and every soul lifted up to God in solemn gratitude for the vouchsafed redemption, there seemed to be a universal restlessness, and every eye was upon the alert. I soon saw that this regarded 'filling the tables,' and from that moment I could perceive nothing but a sort of rude contention as to who should get first forward. In conversing afterwards with Mr S. on the subject, I learned, that had any one been so much alarmed at the fencing of the tables as to keep back, his or her doing so, would have been remarked by the whole parish, or at least by so many individuals as to have set a sort of stamp on the person ever

after ; and although he read out the words, ‘ he that eateth or drinketh unworthily shall be damned,’ yet, limited as my knowledge of the country is, I saw both known thieves, known drunkards, and practised liars, partake ! Nay, did not his own wife go forward fresh after a notorious falsehood ! Yet such is the religion which in this country has triumphed over ours ! This—(not his wife’s affair)—led afterwards to a conversation between S. and myself upon the subject of Confession, which he reprobated upon many silly accounts, but chiefly upon the confession being withheld in law courts.—‘ Pray,’ said I, ‘ were they revealed, how long do you think Confession would last ? And are you aware of the benefit, even in this respect, which results from confession ? Suppose a priest knows who is the real murderer, and hears that another is about to suffer innocently ; although he may not discover the guilty person, he can yet save the innocent. And in cases of theft, the advantages are incalculable, because the thief, as far as in him lies, *must* make restitution.’

“ But to return :—At the second ‘ table,’ as those horrid *forms* are called, the rush was immense, and I expected every moment to see a

poor married woman, who should not have been in such a crowd, drop down, and I am sure she must have suffered material injury. I kept my eyes fixed upon her until she was seated, and I am certain that her piety was not powerful enough to counteract the effects of fear and actual bruises, and to restore her mind to a proper tone. Just then something took place, which I thought highly commendable, and indeed the only thing, through the course of the day, which met my hearty approval—Two stout fellows called Elders—I knew them, because I had seen them carry in the elements!—Heavens, I shudder—but they had the appearance of constables—placed themselves at two several aisles, and putting a hand on each of the opposite pews, made a true ‘fence’ to the tables, and kept back the crowd, which apparently had no actuating sentiment but that of ‘getting forward.’—At the third table, the same rush again took place, and the same indecent anxiety to find a place at this anything but sacred table. My attention was this time attracted by a tall, handsome-looking woman, who elbowed her way like one who feels indignant. She at last, after many discontented struggles, reached the table, and placed herself before it like one who

took no interest whatever in the passing scene. She was presently disturbed, in order to make room for other candidates, and this movement placed her right opposite to the gallery where I sate. This gallery belongs to Major —, but he never attends; and being capacious for a church of that sort, nine or ten boys amused themselves in it, for at least two hours, playing at hide and seek; occasionally peeping their heads through beneath the back seats, gazing at 'the strange gentleman,' and sometimes tipping him the wink. They had shared my attention with what was going on below; but from the moment the handsome lady threw back her thick black veil, after shaking it contemptuously, as if she revolted from the many unhalloed rubs it had received, I had no eyes but for herself, excepting a dark, stout fellow, who sat by her side. But beautiful as she was, and although I felt a very strange sort of pleasure in her obvious dissatisfaction, it was impossible not to bestow some notice on her right-hand companion. This man had appeared equally uninterested in the vitality of the scene (if it possessed any) but his was not the indifference of disgust, but of literally not caring about it; yet as soon as the huge cup came round, he

eyed it like one who indeed longs for its contents, and, to say truth, the flaggons and the cups were not uninviting, for they sent forth a strong odour of excellent port. So he seemed to feel it,—for taking the cup in his hand—I solemnly declare—he looked into it, smelt the flavour like one who understands but seldom tastes it, and after imbibing as long as decency permitted, I heard—even up in the gallery, and it is a good way off—the *smack* of his lips! Although I knew it was not consecrated,—although I knew they had reft it of what they have no commission to impart,—I actually became sick at the horrid sacrilege, and, starting up, took my departure, forgetting even the goodly appearance of the indignant-looking damsel. I walked about for half an hour, but being at last discovered by Jacob, I yielded to his intreaties that I should go into the Manse and take something; ‘for,’ said he, ‘there’s a covered table a’ day in the parlour for ony body that likes to gang in, and, ae man, there’s walth o’ jam.’ I was prevailed upon to visit the eating room, though I felt the air most salutary, and I did not repent of my complaisance to Jacob, for the first object I saw was my discontented friend.—‘This is Miss Strangeway,’ said Jacob; ‘come away,

Mr Sportinville, Miss Strangeway's my favorite leddy, and ye're my favorite gentleman.'—You are not acquainted with these things, my dear sir, but nothing so soon promotes an intimacy between a gentlemán and lady as a little prattler like Jacob. In half an hour, we had surmounted years. I ventured to talk of the service; when I found that she entertained many scruples upon the subject of the Calvinistic Sacrament, declaring that she had never been able to discover any other benefit in it, or accruing from it, than as a sort of public muster. My heart beat, yet I thought her somewhat too frank; but I soon discovered that she is a woman who, acting upon Calvinistic licence, thinks for herself; but she goes farther than they always warrant, for she speaks boldly what she thinks. We conversed for about an hour and half, during which time I discovered that 'the wonderful ignorance of Mr Sportinville' had reached her ears, and I could perceive that she had been a little anxious to meet with a man who afforded such strong and irrefragable proof of the vast inferiority of the English to the Scotch. Jacob could have been staid so long in one place, only by tasting of all the viands, and little did his successors know how often his fingers

had been dipt into the crystals of preserves, then drawn over a cold fowl, and now over some sliced tongue; but at last, weary of eating, and of dozing after repletion, he proposed a walk, to which we agreed; but just as we sallied forth, the kirk began to empty.—‘Have you dined sufficiently?’ said Miss Strangeway.—‘Sufficiently!’ and I might truly have added, ‘Who can think of dinner who hears thee speak and sees thee smile?’ I think she read the thought in my face, for she smiled and said,—‘Well, then, let us down this lane, and Jacob will lead the way to the sweetest glen in ——shire.’—Merrily he tript on before—I cannot tell you how I love that child; they must let me have him;—and in truth, we did reach the sweetest spot I had seen in Scotland. We wandered about for an hour, Jacob making us partners in little bouquets, and every now and then throwing in some remark, which—but I cannot make *you* comprehend the effect they produced. Miss Strangeway, after an hour, looked at her watch and said, ‘Now the rage of hunger will be appeased in these Goths; let us return, for we *must* attend evening service. I am not proof to that necessity. Poor Mrs Sangster, whose hospitality will miss us, is yet glad at this moment

for having two guests fewer. This is a day of sad trouble and turmoil to a minister's wife. I once heard one of them say, 'I never enjoy our *ain* Sacrament.'—'But I expected to see Burley—where is he?'—'I heard Mrs Sangster say, he had taken ill this morning.'—'Umph!' was the reply of Miss Strangeway; and we each retired into our own thoughts.

"We walked straight to church, accompanied by Jacob, all three proceeding to the seat I had occupied before; and I cannot account for it, but I neither felt the kirk so dirty, the sermon so tedious, nor the psalmody so horrid, as heretofore. On returning to the Manse, we found that poor Mrs Sangster had a magnificent tea equipage set out, with various cakes, &c. alleging that 'everybody required a comfortable tea to-night.' But presently I saw her anxious face overcast, and her eyes very often directed towards me. It is surprising, my dear sir, that I am often under the influence of a base fear—what must the poor Irish be? I glory in my faith, though one of its worst votaries; yet though I would perish piecemeal rather than deny it, I am glad in this chilling country not to be detected. This is wrong, and one of the most wretched effects of the cruel laws by which we are afflicted. 'She knows I am a

Catholic,' thought I, 'and perhaps her husband may be censured for allowing me (even in ignorance) to have been present on this occasion.' Then she looked at Miss Strangeway. Good heaven! thought I, is she too impugned for having walked with the man of sin? At last Mrs S. approached me, and with her kind smile, for she is an amiable creature, notwithstanding her lie this morning, she said, 'I am quite uneasy, Mr Sportinville; but Miss Strangeway always stays here on the sacrament Sunday night, and other two ladies having come quite unexpectedly, I am under the necessity of giving them (I mean the three) your room, and I am ashamed, owing to Mr Burley's illness, to ask you to sleep with Jacob in his wee closet.' What a mountain was removed! And besides, I found that Miss Strangeway was to remain.—'My dear madam,' said I, is that all? What does it signify where I sleep? But with my darling Jacob—and I felt my heart to the very brim with kindness—I would sleep luxuriantly in a barn.' We spent a delightful evening—had prayers (which, by the bye, little or much drink, we always have here at nine o'clock) after that supped, for the eating is interminable, and then sate for two hours, when the conversation was sparkling, and every heart

seemed to overflow with love. I sat next Miss Strangeway, but she was not quite so brilliant as in the forenoon.

“ *Monday Evening, Oct. 1st.*—All retired to rest; and here am I, seated in Jacob’s ‘wee’ closet, and as the novel-writers have it, ‘with no sound greeting my ears, save the balmy breathing of the sweet boy.’ Miss Strangeway rises early, so do I, and we met in the garden this morning, an hour and half before anybody else was up, except my little bedfellow. I don’t know why, but we were not so much at ease as we were yesterday, and even Jacob’s little sallies failed to draw us forth as before; the boy himself seemed dull, and at last he said pettishly, ‘Hout! what for are ye no laughing and saying, ‘O yes, that is just what I think;’ and then Mr Sportinville answering, ‘Those are exactly my feelings.’ This succeeded: we were both constrained to laugh, and, catching Jacob’s words, I said, ‘Well, Miss Strangeway, I wish to hear something more of your feelings upon the grand business of yesterday.’—‘Feelings,’ said she thoughtfully; ‘is religion then, that all-important thing, a matter of feeling?’ This led to a long discussion of the subject, when I ventured to expound some of the leading fea-

tures of our faith, but still without committing myself; and it was finally settled, that when we met in Edinburgh—to which place she goes in a week, and I, when I will—we should both go to the Catholic chapel there. When this point was agreed upon, we were summoned to prayers and breakfast, and in two hours we again went to church, and again heard two discourses; which double service, I at last understood, is called ‘getting it a’ thegether,’ as the servant had announced on the never-to-be-forgotten fast-day. It is my serious opinion that this *occasion* (as the dispensation of the Lord’s Supper is sometimes called here) is got up for the purpose of eating and drinking. One would imagine that these people think it good to swell every vein by repletion before and after their ceremony, while we think that—but comparison here is indeed odious. Again the dinner-board groaned, but the former feasts were all thrown into shade by this. Mrs Sangster had put forth all her powers, and the neighbouring farmers and gentry had taken care, by presents of game, &c. &c. that it should rather replenish than empty her larder. I believe, too, that Sir C. —, an uncle of Miss Strangeway, sent his own cook, for he himself honoured the feast with his presence.

Indeed the ‘Monday’s Dinner,’ by which name it is known all over Scotland, generally pays the minister’s debts to the great men of the parish, and gives him scope for the rest of the year. So altogether it is rather a good concern, besides that in many parishes the sum of five pounds is allowed for the *elements*. I had just been helped to a plate of what is now denominated ‘Meg Merrilies’s Soup,’ when taking up a slice of bread, I recognised—you will scarcely believe it, but you know my veracity—I recognised—I sicken still at the thought—a piece of the solid *element*! Good heaven! it was a slice of the bread which I had seen yesterday carried, indecently enough, by those men called Elders, round the church! It dropped from my hand. I rushed to my own room, and, believe me, I shall not require the aid of Dr Sangrado for some time. I locked my door, for I was in no humour to comply with the urgent hospitality which I knew would beset me, and not even Jacob could get any other answer than that I had taken suddenly ill, but should, if possible, join them at tea.’ I did so, but found only the ladies; and it was not till a late hour that Mr Sangster joined us, when I found that the gentlemen, one after another, had dropped

off, and I suppose Mr Burley made his escape after dark, as I neither saw nor heard of him again.—This is the last letter you will receive from this place ; but I am always your attached

“SPORTINVILLE.”

“I shall see you again,” said Mr Ashburn, “in a few days ; in the mean time, tell me what you have been reading.”

After being informed, and of the effect produced on both ladies by the account of the penal laws which aggrieve the Catholics, he said, “You must also read the speeches which were made pro and con, in 1824, when you will find Mr Scully’s character of the talents of the Irish priests fully confirmed. I am certain that neither Greece nor Rome, in their best days, nor the first speeches of our own senators, surpass the eloquence of these men. Nay, I will venture to say, that it surpasses all other eloquence ; and how should it be otherwise, considering what it is that they advocate ? Give your next spare hours to these, and tell me what you think of that reviled body of men—the Irish Catholic priests.—How long is Miss Fortescue to remain with you ?”

“I don’t know. She is little at home ; and

that is a question which we cannot put to her."

、 "No," said Mr Ashburn thoughtfully; and then, after a considerable pause, he added, "It is in vain to put those on their guard who commit no imprudences, and I am the last person in the world to make relations jealous of each other; but her stay is doing you no good. I have heard from young Campian, who, next to his grief for his father's death, laments the undeserved share you had in that affliction, that Miss Fortescue visits constantly at the house of a Dr Seaton, whose wife has a cousin, a purser in the navy. He one day pointed him out to me, and my memory fails me greatly if he is not the fellow who alarmed you so much on the first day of our acquaintance. Every person who, when young, has been accustomed to the employment of a tale-bearer, will retain the propensity, and all who have it lie. I can gather from things that Seaton says to Campian, with whom he meets professionally, that you are a very frequent subject of discourse. Did you go lately, in the dusk, to an obscure place in the suburbs of this town? I ask without apology, because I know you can have no answer to give but such as the most perfect innocence will dictate."

“None,” said Mrs Stanhope; and she instantly related all the particulars of her visit.

“Poor woman,” said he; “yours is indeed a very hard situation; but it shall be ameliorated. I wish I were as sure of Catholic emancipation. And more, I shall have your enemies prosecuted for defamation, and shall recover heavy damages, and feed the poor upon them for many a day.”

“Ah no,” said Mrs Stanhope; “you will only render an unfortunate woman more wretched by a publicity which can be avoided. Can I find peace and protection only through the medium of notoriety?”

“I fear not; and you see that you were made instrumental to the loss of a life. An express has been actually sent to Italy, informing Capt. Stanhope that you have become a Catholic, and that you are connected, under my influence, with some Irish rebels!”

“Good heaven!” said Mrs Stanhope, ready to faint, “what will become of me?”

“Nothing bad, I trust. But I thought it best to warn you. I find too, for Seaton keeps no secrets, that a poor idiot has been confined, because you insisted on taking her from her natural protectors, and she was offered liberty only on

condition that she should marry the said purser. But Dr Seaton discovered the plot, and, crazy as he is, he has too much sense to believe a single word against you; though indeed I do wrong to ascribe it to his sense, for you will scarcely guess the ground of his certainty. Neither more nor less than the shape of your head, Florence."

"Thank God!" said she, involuntarily putting her hands up to it, "I never had any respect for it before."

"Nay, nay, Florence, that is not true; you have a very good opinion of your understanding; and why not? In your situation it is most particularly requisite. Your mother thinks too little of herself, and I do not say that you think too much. To know yourself, and to be presumptuous, are two totally distinct things. Had these Irish orators not known their own powers, they would never have made these immortal speeches; yet I make no doubt that many of them—I will not say all, for I will answer for nothing that is human—but I doubt not, that many of them are deeply imbued with the grace of humility."

"But it is my mother's innocence, not mine, that he vouches for; now her head was covered."

"No matter for that; nothing baffles the thorough-going theorist: your faces are so much

alike, that he knows, as if his hands and his—I forget the name of the instrument—had been upon it, that they are formed exactly alike. But I can tarry no longer at present. Let Florence keep up your spirits;—read these speeches, and I shall see you in a few days.”

CHAPTER VII.

MRS STANHOPE had received a severe shock ; but the kind assurances of Mr Ashburn, though she could not guess to what they pointed, and the arguments of Florence, re-assured her ; and the touching eloquence of the Irish orators soon made her forget her own hardships in those of six millions of aspersed and many of them starving people. She next gave an attentive perusal to the whole of Prince Gallitzin's Defence ; and after that, to the enlightened and candid reply of Dr Milner to Dr Sturges. She had there a complete world of new and unthought-of information placed before her ; but it is strange to observe the operations of the same things on different minds. While the mind of Florence found food for conviction in every page, that of Mrs Stanhope was more and more placed in a dilemma, and she regretted for a few hours that she had opened a book upon the subject. She

had spent this time alone, and returning to her daughter, she said, " Florence, I had sufficient trouble before the unlucky 30th of September, but my mind had never been seriously troubled upon the subject of God's mercy. *You* may be able to repose in the midst of mysteries; *I* find I cannot; and therefore henceforth, though I leave you at entire liberty, I beg that I may not be disturbed in my own quiet mode of trusting to the universal mercy of God. I have no desire to thwart you,—nay, more, I concede not only that the Catholics are grossly slandered, but that they have Scripture for all essentialities, and that they do not in fact innovate more, where they have not precise authority, than do other Christians. But no earthly, and I do believe heavenly, benefit, can accrue from contention. Surely God is more merciful than man, and I cannot be persuaded that——But I will not seek to disturb your opinions. You are certainly a free agent on so important a point, while I will not again disturb my own calm, peaceful hopes. I have loved God as a parent; I will never contemplate him as——But no—let us embrace, my sweet and, I will admit, sensible child; but no more polemics."

Florence was mortified; she would fain have

had her mother to participate in all her feelings and sentiments; but she resolved to comply religiously with her wishes.

Mr Ashburn did not see them again for some weeks; there had been a contagious fever in the infirmary, and, besides that he dreaded taking infection to them, he was occupied almost night and day in ministering to his people, most of whom were Irish, who had come over in quest of work, been disappointed, and were literally famished into disease and death.

“I have been much distressed,” said he, “since I saw you last, and I almost feared even to send a note from my hands, so much have I been in the focus of infection. Most of my patients are released; and it is merciful, for they had nothing to live for. It is needless to dwell on what cannot at present be redressed; I have the consolation, and it is a great one, of having seen them expire in peace with God and man, and of knowing that they had all the comforts at last which the infirmary or myself could afford them. Mr D’Alembert’s labours have exceeded my own, and I suspect that Mr Taylor will fall a sacrifice to his exertions. I should perhaps hardly have ventured yet, but you need not fear,”—seeing Mrs Stanhope cast an anxious

eye upon Florence—"you need not fear; I had an entire new suit made, and dressed at my tailor's; and I have used other precautions. I could not delay my visit, for in the midst of all my troubles, I have been cheered by the hope of seeing you placed amongst genteel, kind, and enlightened people. You again look alarmed. My dear madam, what is it you fear? We are not men who seize on people and convert them whether they will or not. We leave that," said he, laughing heartily, "to such as Mr Noel and Captain Gordon, of whom, I trust, you have read in these admirable speeches. You are free to think as you will; we are not more intolerant, believe me, than others. It is a pity that... But I suppose it is the vast importance of the subject, which more than any other has always inflamed the minds of men with a cruel hostility when differences take place. But if you have read Milner, you will now understand the balance of intolerance. No, no; I see—I have read it in your face long—that you fear to be disturbed, and no one will seek to disturb you. But let me see you living, as you ought, in the midst of social beings, where you will at once appreciate and be appreciated. Florence, I see, has made her election, and she

will soon be introduced to one every way worthy of her. I have another packet from Sportinville. Miss Strangeway and he met in Edinburgh, and he says, that having observed, at least hoped, that her sentiments towards him were in unison with his own for her, he kept his faith a profound secret; for, says he, ‘earthly should never influence heavenly love;’ but, to his unspeakable joy, she found in our church all the realities which her powerful mind had in vain sought for in that which is not even a shadow of it. He has sent me her picture—here it is.—Is she not a lovely woman?”

“Very lovely, indeed,” said Florence; “but whom does she resemble?”

“Ah! and you perceive it also—the best pictures of queen Elizabeth! Yes, strikingly; but we must entertain no prejudice on that account. Now Sportinville is a man of rank, as he is of great worth and honour, notwithstanding some little — no, not little — God forgive me for saying so—some great faults, which vexed me much and often; but now that he is pledged to this beautiful woman, I know there will be no more defalcations; which of itself, for I could not but love him, will be an unspeakable comfort to me. But, as I was going to remark, as

he is in the very best society, and has many amiable female relations, you must move to the other end of the town. I have seen a delightful house, with a garden, and everything suitable for your small establishment; and I shall have the satisfaction of seeing you and Florence enjoying that intercourse of sentiment and feeling, for which you are both so admirably adapted. Here, Florence, keep that picture till I see you again, that you may get acquainted with one of your future friends;" and so saying, he strode off in his usual abrupt manner.

But Florence called him back, and said, "You must excuse me—but I cannot rest without knowing if Mr Sportinville is as handsome as his affianced bride?"

"Not less so, be assured; he is tall, athletic, and his face almost as regular as his person is well-proportioned; but I cannot stop another moment; Dr Campian meets me at the infirmary an hour hence. Yet one thing more: there is a memorandum of where you will find the house I spoke of; there are others in its vicinity to be had, but I think it will please you, and it is close by the house of Mr Sportinville's mother."

Mrs Stanhope felt an elasticity of spirits

which she had not experienced since the death of her friend Clara. Next day she looked at the premises mentioned by Mr Ashburn, and taking them on the spot, she resolved on moving in six weeks.

It was again some time before Mr Ashburn visited them. "I have been thinking," said he, after mutual enquiries, "of what I mentioned last week upon the subject of Catholic intolerance, and I recollected a little treatise which a friend sent me, and which contains a very short extract from one of those Irish speeches;" and taking out his pocket-book, he read as follows:—

“No unprejudiced person can read the attacks which are daily made against the dogmas and discipline of the Catholic church, without remarking two circumstances, both of which tend, in a considerable degree, to render harmless these offensive productions. The first is, that absurd and frequently impious doctrines are ascribed to the Catholic church, which even the most illiterate are able to discover she never held; but the second is of more importance, and is more extraordinary. It is the utter ignorance in which every oppugner of the Catholic faith

appears to be with regard to the doctrines of that church as also of the Protestant church, as by law established. Instances of this want of knowledge of their own religion may be found in the writings of almost every Protestant controvertist. They represent the Catholic church as the most intolerant institution that has ever existed upon the face of the earth ; because, say they, ‘ Catholics hold, that out of the Catholic church there is no salvation.’ But does not this charge apply equally as well to the Protestant as to the Catholic church ? What is the authorized doctrine of the church of England on this point ? Is there nothing like exclusive salvation in the creed of St Athanasius, which says, ‘ Whosoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic faith ; which faith, except every one do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly !’ It concludes thus : ‘ This is the Catholic faith, which except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be saved !’ This is the creed of the Established Church ; and every clergyman, who has the cure of souls, is bound to read it at stated periods to his flock. Whether the Catholic religion be more intolerant than the Pro-

testant church, the following extracts from their professed doctrines will show :—

CATHOLIC EXTRACTS.

From the Ritual. Exhortation after receiving a convert into the church.—

‘ You have now made a full and open profession of the Catholic faith, and, according to your earnest desire, are now admitted as a true member of that One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church, which Christ himself first founded, which the Apostles, according to his command, propagated in all parts of the then known world, and which Almighty God, in a multitude of places in the Holy Scriptures, has promised should continue to exist as long as the sun and moon shall endure. We read in the Acts of the Apostles, that to this church ‘ The Lord added daily such as should be saved.’—Acts ii. 47. And what was then daily done

PROTESTANT EXTRACTS.

‘ The eighteenth article of the Thirty-nine Articles declares, that, ‘ They also are to be had accursed that presume to say, that every man shall be saved by the law or sect which he professeth, so that he be diligent to frame his life according to that law and the light of nature. For Holy Scripture doth set out to us only the name of Jesus Christ, whereby men must be saved.’ The sixteenth article of the Confession of faith of the Kirk of Scotland, ratified by act of parliament 1560, says :— ‘ As we believe in one God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, so we do most constantly believe that from the beginning there hath been, and now is, and to the end of the world shall be, one Kirk, that is to say,

has been done since continually. Christ never appointed two ways to heaven; nor did he establish a church to save some, and make another institution for other men's salvation. There is no other name under heaven given to men whereby we must be saved, but the name of Jesus:— Acts iv. 12., and that name is no otherwise given under heaven than in the Catholic church.'

one company and multitude of men, chosen by God, who rightly worship and embrace him by *true faith* in Christ Jesus — which Kirk is Catholic, that is, universal, because it containeth the elect of all ages, &c., out of which Kirk there is neither life nor eternal felicity; and therefore we utterly abhor the blasphemy of them that affirm that men, which live according to equity and justice, shall be saved, whatever religion they have professed.'

“To make the doctrine of the Catholic church upon this point as clear as possible, I shall read to you the following extracts from the speech of the Rev. Mr Esmonde, an Irish Catholic priest, delivered at a meeting of the Bible Society, held in Waterford, in October 1824. After having spoken at great length, he goes on, and says, ‘The Catholic church teaches, that man, now fallen from his right estate, has no natural right to heaven. His right arises from his being associated by the regenerating waters of baptism to

the great Christian family, of which the Lord Jesus Christ is the head. The infant, then, no matter of what creed or complexion his parents may have been, who is lawfully baptised (no matter whether by Catholic or Protestant) becomes, by the very fact of his baptism, a member of the great family, and, as co-heir of Christ, possesses a right to the kingdom of heaven, which right he can only forfeit by a wilful mortal crime. This mortal crime, it is evident, may be committed by a transgression or dereliction of duty, either in faith or in morals. But at what point this transgression of duty amounts to a mortal crime, it is not for man to judge; this rests with the Searcher of Hearts and the Judge of all. To make our Catholic doctrine still clearer, let me suppose a case, and let me address it particularly to the juvenile English gentleman (Mr Noel) who has kindly volunteered his services to illuminate our country. Let me suppose an Englishman, born in the heart of England, who has perhaps never seen the face of a Catholic—who has never read of our tenets, except through the deluding medium of ignorant, interested, or hostile writers. Suppose this man lawfully baptized—suppose that he leads an upright and virtuous life, does the Catholic church

condemn him? No. (Applause). She regrets that circumstances (not under his controul) tear him from her bosom; she weeps for him ‘between the vestibule and the altar;’ and she regrets that she cannot impart to him those more efficacious means of salvation, which Christ has left to her in her sacraments and other religious observances. Allow me to conclude my explanation of our Catholic doctrine on this interesting subject, by a passage from that luminary of the Catholic church, that ornament of our humanity, the great St Augustine. ‘The Apostle has told us,’ says this holy doctor, in his epistle to Donatus, ‘to reject a man that is a heretic; but those who defend a false opinion without pertinacious obstinacy, especially if they have not themselves invented it, but have derived it from their parents, and who seek the truth with anxious solicitude, being sincerely disposed to renounce their error as soon as they discover it, such persons are not to be deemed heretics.’ I humbly trust, that this exposition of our Catholic doctrine has proved a satisfactory answer to the charge of our want of charity, brought forward with confidence by two Caledonian gentlemen. (Messrs Noel and Gordon bowed approbation—cheers from all parts). Well, gentlemen, since

this exposition appears to give such satisfaction to my Protestant friends—since it appears to have disabused many of their previous erroneous notions of our Catholic doctrine on this point, I think that, in fair argument, I may be allowed to press this conclusion. If you feel, if you admit, that you have been hitherto under erroneous notions with regard to one point of our Catholic doctrine, is it not possible that you may be equally in error on other points? And if so, does not conscience point out the imperious necessity of prosecuting the investigation of our doctrines in authentic sources? And let me recommend to every upright, unbiassed mind, to search for our real doctrines in our authentic publications—for instance, in that admirable work of the pious and learned doctor Milner, entitled the ‘End of Religious Controversy.’ May the day at length arrive, when religious dissensions shall have ceased among us—when we shall all be united in one fold, and under one Shepherd—when all the adorers of a common Saviour shall bend before one common altar—and when, to the joy of heaven, to the triumph of religion, and the prosperity of our country, we shall all be locked in the bonds of charity.’

“As a proof that the above speech is in per-

fect accordance with the doctrine of the Catholic church, the following quotation will clearly show. It is taken from the ‘Declaration of the Catholic Bishops, the Vicars Apostolic and their Coadjutors in Great Britain,’ drawn up and signed by them in May 1826, in consequence of the misrepresentations and misconceptions of the Catholic faith, many thousand copies of which were distributed, *gratis*, all over England. Section X., on the doctrine of exclusive salvation, is as follows :—

“ Catholics are charged with *uncharitableness in holding the doctrine of exclusive salvation*. Catholics are taught by their church to love all men, without exception; to wish that all may be saved; and may come to the knowledge of the truth by which they may be saved. If the Almighty himself has assigned certain conditions, without the observance of which man cannot be saved, it would seem to be an act of impiety to attempt to annul those divinely-established conditions: and an act of great uncharitableness towards a fellow-man, to tell him, that he may be saved without complying with the conditions prescribed by the Almighty? The doctrinal principle of exclusive salvation belongs to the law of Christ.

“ ‘ Has not Christ, who commands the belief of his revealed doctrines, pronounced, that he that *believeth shall not be condemned?* (Mark xvi. 16). Has not Christ, who instituted baptism for the remission of sins, declared, that *except a man be born again of water and of the Holy Ghost, he CANNOT enter into the kingdom of God?* (John iii. 5) Has not St Paul enumerated a list of crimes, such as adultery, idolatry, hatred, seditions, heresies, murders, drunkenness, &c., of which he declares, that *they* who do such things, shall not obtain the kingdom of God? (Galat. v. 21). And are not these exclusive conditions?

“ ‘ Whoever professes the law of Christ, must profess the *principle* and doctrine of exclusive salvation. It is not the Catholic, it is God himself, who will exclude from heaven those who are not duly qualified for it by faith and good works. But the Catholic, whilst he is bound to admit, and with firm faith to believe, this doctrinal *principle*, is bound also by the Divine commandment *not to judge*. He is not allowed, therefore, to pronounce sentence of condemnation on individuals who may live and die out of the external communion of the Catholic church; nor to pronounce sentence of condemnation against those who may die in an apparent state

of sin. All those he leaves to the righteous judgment of the great Searcher of Hearts, who at the last day will render to every man according to his works.

“ ‘ But surely charity, as well as truth, must forbid one Christian to deceive another, in a matter of such infinite importance as the eternal salvation of his soul. He who should persuade his neighbour, that no condition for salvation is required on the part of man, would deceive him. He who admits that any one such condition is required by the Almighty, admits the *principle* of exclusive salvation.’ ”

“ A similar exposition of the Catholic faith was drawn up and signed by the *whole* of the Irish Catholic bishops in the same year.

“ Let us remember, that charity is the first and will be the last of virtues; for faith will have an end, when the object of our faith shall stand revealed; hope will have an end, when the object of our hope shall have been attained; but charity, celestial virtue, will be, like God, eternal.”

Mr Ashburn next read, without apology, the admirable circular of H. Howard, Esq., entitled “ ‘ Remarks on the Erroneous Opinions entertained respecting the Catholic Religion.’ ”

“No. I.

CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

27th November 1824.

“ ‘The Catholic religion does not in its tenets meddle with forms of Government, and it is unjust to charge it with being inimical to civil liberty. Sir Robert Filmer, in his ‘Patriarcha,’ written in praise of absolute monarchy, directs all his arguments against Catholic writers, and charges them with being favourable to republican principles; it is therefore hard to be found fault with in both ways. The argument from facts will appear in favour of the Catholic. Let any one extract from our Constitution what is of Catholic origin; our common law, including the Trial by Jury, and the law of treason, the internal government of our counties (where the sheriffs and the justices of the peace were elected till the time of Edward the Second) and our representative system,—and he will see how little remains to the Protestants’ share beyond some statutes to enforce the execution of pre-existing laws; and let him consider whether, if we had not been in possession of those rights and privileges before the Reformation, we should have had much chance of obtaining them since.

when the Protestant religion was in the glow of its zeal, in the reigns of Henry VIII, Edward VI, Queen Elizabeth, and James I. If we look to other countries, we find that Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, which were limited monarchies in Catholic times, are now absolute; and that nothing has been done in favour of their subjects by any sovereign in Germany who embraced the Reformation. All the Italian Republics were Catholic; the most democratic Cantons in Switzerland, who have in our days been the most strenuous defenders of their liberties, are so. St Marino is so, and Genoa and Ragusa would still be free, if we had not aided in preventing it. Protestants in the great Catholic States have been completely restored to all civil rights; and if it be true that the influence of the Catholic clergy is so great, we must infer that they have been liberal on those occasions, nor have we heard that they offered any opposition to these concessions: it would undoubtedly be very desirable for the Catholic here to experience the same liberality or forbearance.

“But, notwithstanding this argument from facts, in which the balance appears to be in favour of the Catholic, it would be both unjust and Let him say what was done in favour of liberty

absurd to attribute a predilection to despotic sway to any description of Christians—all take different parts according to circumstances and events, independent of their religious tenets. We believe that the love of liberty is planted in every cultivated mind and every honest breast, for who likes oppression when it is brought home? If the Catholic, in the time of the Stuarts, was more favourable to monarchy, it was because he was so oppressed by the laws enacted by the popular party, that absolute monarchy would, to him, have been comparative freedom. Every description of Christians, if they follow the precepts they are taught, will be good themselves, and just and charitable to others. Our Saviour has expressly distinguished the civil power from the duties of religion, by declaring that his kingdom is not of this world, and by giving this distinction the force of precept, ordering us to give to Cæsar what is his due, and to God what appertains to him; and it is very clear that the Christian religion itself is based, in fact, on the principle of religious liberty; for if religious liberty is not a civil right, then were all the persecutions of the first Christians morally justifiable, and the Christians were bad subjects. Every class of Christians may therefore consis-

tently and without scruple maintain, that the right of every individual to religious liberty should be unshackled by worldly power:—and every Government should consider that it has not the power to alter the mind of an individual, and make him believe or disbelieve any tenet, as he himself has not that control over it, and that to require that which is impossible must be an unjustifiable act of tyranny.

“ ‘ No. II.

“ ‘ DISTINCTION BETWEEN ARTICLES OF FAITH, DISCIPLINE, THE LITURGY, OPINIONS OF THEOLOGIANs, &c.

“ ‘ Many of these opinions arise from a proper distinction not being made between articles of faith, discipline, or church government, the liturgy and ceremonies and observances in the worship, school disputes, and unauthorised opinions of theologians, and lastly, the conduct and acts of individuals.

“ ‘ *Articles of Faith* are the doctrines of Christ, and truth and immutability must be their character. The Catholic believes that the *unwritten word* was the primitive rule of Christianity, and that this *word*, preserved in traditions, did not lose its authority when afterwards

the sacred writings added their testimony to it. In other words, that Christ established his church and his ministry, ordered *them* to preach, teach, and expound his doctrine, and *us* to hear it, with the promise to maintain it in truth, and be with it till the end of time.* And having thus antecedently made his church the depository of his faith, the subsequent writing of the gospel did not alter the nature of that church, or divest it of its authority or legation, but became a record in support of the doctrine preached, and never to be forgotten. According to this, and by the power and authority which he gave, when any doubts have arisen, the whole church has frequently assembled in General Council, and has given, in the manner of a verdict, their declaration of fact, of what has at all times been the faith and belief of the church in the matter in agitation; and the Catholic believes that in this decision, through the promises of Christ, it has not and cannot be guilty of error. These articles of faith are all perfectly known to every one, and to be found in every catechism; and as

* “ ‘ See Matthew, chapter xxviii. 18, 19, 20, and other texts, all proving the permanent nature and the continuance of the divine legation.

the church has, in different councils, decided on all apparent doubts and difficulties, it is not probable that any new subject of discussion will arise. It is through the authority and traditions of his church, that the Catholic acknowledges and receives the gospels themselves, as written by divine inspiration, and believes in them; and it may be remarked, that they do not contain any order from Christ for their being written, or injunction to read them, whilst the orders to preach, teach, and hear, are in numerous texts of those holy writings. From the church he receives the authentication of the books composing the New Testament, and of those of the Old Law, and the distinction of what remains precept in that old law from what is set aside. From its authority he likewise receives the Apostle's Creed; the abolition of the Sabbath, and substitution of the Sunday; the Baptism of Infants; with other articles found in the decisions of the church, and admitted by most Christians, though not in the scriptures themselves. The Catholic knows that for ages there was no other church or religion but his own; that it did not recede from any other church, or join any other, and therefore believes that the continuance of the truth of *the Faith*, as promised, must

have been preserved through it. Every Catholic thus believing his church to be established on the sacred basis of divine authority, and with a ministry ordained and competent to the exercise of its charge; and admitting it to be the preserver of the truth of Christ's doctrines, and the depository and authorised interpreter of the scriptures, it is not very wonderful that their clergy should be disinclined to circulate any unauthorised copies of the scriptures not containing the decisions of their church on points that have been in dispute; and that believing themselves appointed to teach those doctrines with their true meaning, they should see a snake in the grass, and look with jealousy and distrust on strangers, adverse in their religious opinions, who appear desirous to interfere with the instruction of their flocks. In the spirit of Christian charity, the harsh nature of the controversy and proceedings that are going on in Ireland are deeply to be lamented; but it is no marvel, in the state of parties in that country, that persons starting in the outset on such different first principles, should lapse into violence when they meet in discussion.

“ ‘ No. III.

“ ‘ DISCIPLINE AND LITURGY.

“ ‘ The discipline and regulations for church government, which may vary, are to be distinguished from articles of faith, which cannot. This is regulated by the Canon Law, which does not admit of arbitrary proceedings, though discretionary power of relaxation is given, in some instances to the Pope, as Primate and successor to St Peter, in others to the bishops, and in some to the parochial clergy. Some rules of discipline are general, having been settled in General Councils of the whole Church, and accepted by all the national churches;* others relate to the Latin or Western church only; others have been adopted in the synods of different national churches: in all cases they are to be obeyed and observed, unless altered by the respective authorities which have enacted them. Thus the celibacy of the clergy is an article of discipline in the Latin or Western church; but

* “ ‘ New articles of discipline cannot be imposed on nations without their subsequent consent. Thus the decrees of the Council of Trent (an acknowledged General Council) have, in points of faith, been received and admitted by the whole Catholic church; but its decrees, as to discipline, have not been admitted by several countries.

it was not so in the Greek or Eastern church before its separation in the ninth century ; nor is it so now with various bodies of Christians in the East, Slavonians, Greeks, Copts, Syrians, Maronites, Armenians, &c. who still remain united with the See of Rome. The communion of the laity under one kind is also an article of discipline adopted by the Latin church, to prevent accidents which were daily occurring, but the Pope, as Primate, is authorised by a General Council to restore the communion in both kinds when he shall deem it useful to do so. In the same manner the performance of the service in Latin is a regulation of uniformity confined to the Western church only ; and the Liturgy, and the rites and ceremonies of worship, with the exception of what relates to the sacraments, vary in different national churches, and frequently in different dioceses. In Rome you may, at this day, see the mass celebrated with various ceremonies and forms of prayer (excepting the offering and consecration of the elements), and in different sacerdotal habits ; by priests of the Western church in Latin ; and in Greek, Armenian, Syriac, Coptic, Ethiopic, &c. by those of the Eastern church ; whilst there is no difference whatever in the articles of their belief.

“ ‘No. IV.

“ ‘SCHOOL DISPUTES AND PRIVATE OPINIONS.

“ ‘It becomes still more peculiarly necessary to distinguish between articles of faith, and school disputes and the private opinions of theologians. On whatever the church has given no decision, full scope is given for disputation, and that the field is wide enough, days passed in disputation, and hundreds of folios mouldering, untouched, on the shelves of every public library, will evince. But to this full liberty given, we also owe much even of the writings of the Fathers of the church, and the most learned commentaries and disquisitions on scriptural subjects; nor should we by this boundary have lost the learned and edifying inquiries and dissertations of West, Bryant, Haley, Horsley, and other divines of the Church of England, whose works are translated into most languages. The very subject which has lately been agitated between the Bible Societies and some priests in Ireland, relating to the indiscriminate circulation of Bibles, comes within this scope allowed to opinion. Authenticated and approved translations of the scriptures are to be bought in every Catholic country, and no prohibition is

made either to their being sold or read ;* but it is to be recollected that it is a vital principle among Catholics, that the church is the depository and interpreter of the scriptures, and that its ministry are alone intrusted with religious instruction ; and accordingly, every Sunday and festival, the Epistles and Gospels of the day are read and expounded in the language of the country ;† but no priest can, in duty, advise the reading of the scriptures except in the spirit of piety and undoubting faith, devotion, and submission ; nor can he duly recommend their distribution for the purpose of creating cavils, doubts, difficulties, and disbelief. What parent, anxious for the innocence and purity of mind of his daughter, so strenuously enjoined by our Saviour, would not wish her to pass over some stories

* “ ‘ The Greek Testament is one of the rudimental school-books in most Catholic colleges.

† “ ‘ The late Pope, in a Rescript addressed, in 1820, to the Vicars Apostolic in England, exhorts them ‘ to take care that the faithful abstain from reading the wicked books in which, in these calamitous times, our religion is unworthily attacked from all sides ; and that they should be strengthened in faith and good works, by the reading of pious books, and particularly of the Holy Scriptures, in editions approved by the church, you preceding them by word and example.’

and passages in the Bible? Who would, without comment, recommend the study of the books of Joshua and the Judges to a ferocious fanatic, inclined to deem himself the avenger of God's cause? * Who would, without distinguishing between precept and a narrative of facts, and without remarking that the end does not justify the means, put the history of Jacob and Esau into the hands of discordant brothers? Religious toleration is also comprised within this scope of opinion and discussion, and we must all rejoice that it has, at this day, an increasing number of advocates, among men of the greatest learning and piety, of all persuasions: nor can we otherwise lament deeply enough, that though the principles of charity and forbearance are so strongly inculcated in the Christian doctrines, and so ably enforced by St Augustin and many writers since his time, that there should have been so many Christians, both Catholic and Protestant, who have held that they might, consistently with the principles of their belief and religion, persecute others for being of a different

* “The Leaguers, and other fanatics of every description of Christians, thought themselves authorized to take the book of Joshua, &c. for their guide and example.

opinion; establish themselves as God's avengers, and by scenes of dreadful cruelty and persecution, disgrace the religion they affect to promote. The Catholic has on this subject a black book, to which the Protestant has added a considerable supplement, and both have given the unbeliever plausible arguments against themselves and against the Christian religion itself. The question as to exclusive salvation may also be classed here. The Catholic believes that there is but one faith and one fold, into which we are admitted by baptism, and that his church is the true and authorised depository of that faith, and that those who follow it and the law of Christ are saved. But he is also taught that where there is no guilt there will be no punishment, and it is generally held that such as use their best endeavours to know and embrace the truth, but who, from the necessity of circumstances, are in involuntary error and ignorance respecting it, remain within the pale of the church of Christ.* But there are, among

* “ ‘ The definition of heresy is, an obstinate (not an involuntary) error in matters of faith. St Cyprian, a father of the church, and St Columban, entertained during their lives opinions that have since been decided by the church to be erroneous; but these questions not

Catholics, as well as in other persuasions, those who entertain more severe opinions. Perhaps you may find Protestants and Catholics, who, devoting each other to perdition for the errors of which they mutually think one another guilty in faith, may so work up their minds to hatred and the most base and vindictive passions, as to endanger their own salvation by the want of the common charity required from all. But ought they not, at all events, in charity and in hope, to leave this decision with our most merciful God? And surely those who think their neighbours cannot be happy in the next world, have an additional motive and reason for not disturbing their happiness in this.

“ ‘ No. V.

“ ‘ CONDUCT OF INDIVIDUALS.

“ ‘ In the conduct of nations, popes, sovereigns, and governments, as in that of individuals, there may in religious matters be much to praise, and sometimes much to blame. This should never be attempted to be excused or palliated, but honestly given up. No doubt, abuses

being then decided, they had a right to exercise their judgment, and their ignorance was their excuse, and has not made them less the objects of veneration.

in the practice of religion have been protected; worldly ambition has held its dire sway, and under pretence of supporting God's cause, the most notorious barbarities have been countenanced. But these acts of abuse are of man, and cannot in justice be blended with any faith or any principle; they have been lamented and condemned, given up and disclaimed, and fortunately are no longer practicable to any extent.* Heaven be praised, whatever may be the inclination of a few, to proscribe, harass, and torment others, on account of religious differences,

* “ ‘ The Pope refused his sanction to the re-establishment of the Inquisition in Spain.

“ ‘ *Mem.*—The writer wishes it to be understood, that in endeavouring to explain some points in which the Catholic religion has often been misunderstood; it is not his intention to enter into controversy. If any reader be desirous to examine the subject more deeply, he may consult Bossuet's ‘ Exposition of Faith,’ which was approved by two briefs of Pope Innocent XI, and by other authorities of the Court of Rome, and by the General Assembly of the Clergy of France; or his works at large; or the ‘ Faith of Catholics,’ by Berrington; or Dr Milner's ‘ End of Controversy;’ a treatise called ‘ Charity and Truth;’ Gotter's works; and many other books on this subject, which may be had at Keating's, Duke-street; Booker's, Bond street; Andrews's, Chapterhouse court, St Paul's Churchyard, and elsewhere.

the voice of a more enlightened worldly loudly proclaims — RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IS A CIVIL RIGHT.

“ ‘No. VI.

“ ‘JUSTIFICATION.

“ ‘This awful subject, so often misrepresented, can scarce, with propriety, be introduced into discussion here. Suffice it so say, that the Catholic believes that sin is remitted by God out of his pure mercy, and through our Saviour Jesùs Christ, and that nothing preceding this justification can, on our part, be it faith or be it good works, merit this justifying grace. But relying on the promises of our Saviour, we may, by faith, prayer, charity and good works, and by the observance of the duties of religion which he has enjoined, humbly hope, but with fear and trembling, to obtain of God, through him, that grace which is necessary to enable us to work out our salvation, and which through our own merits is not attainable.

“ ‘No. VII.

“ ‘AS TO MIRACLES.

“ ‘Protestants say that miracles have ceased, Catholics that they have not. Neither will

contend that the power has ceased in God; their difference is therefore a question as to facts and consequent conviction of mind; nor is any Catholic bound by his religion to believe in any one miracle which his opponent is not equally held to give credit to; and both agree in the efficacy of prayer to obtain from God favours and blessings for ourselves or others, out of the common course of nature; which certainly is a belief in a miraculous interference.

“ ‘ No. VIII.

“ ‘ ON THE CHARGE OF WORSHIPPING THE
VIRGIN AND SAINTS.

“ ‘ Nelson, in his Festivals, on the subject of the Communion of Saints, writes, that the faithful on earth mutually participate in each others prayers, and are called *fellow-citizens with the Saints, and of the household of God*, of the same *family with those in Heaven*. We bless God for them, rejoice at their bliss, give thanks for their labours of love, and pray that with them we may be partakers of the heavenly kingdom. They pray for us, for our consummation and bliss, rejoice with us at our conversion, &c. &c. So far Catholics and Protestants agree, and it is here admitted that the prayer of the Saints in

Heaven for us, and our prayers for each other on earth, do not prejudice or interfere with the mediation of our Saviour: it also follows that as there is *joy in Heaven* at the repentance of a sinner, that such repentance must be made known to the blessed, in some manner, by the permission of God. The Catholic honours the blessed Virgin and the Saints, but believes that neither can be worshipped without idolatry. Worship is to God alone. He believes that they have not, of themselves, any power to grant or do anything for us; nor can they have any knowledge of human affairs, but that which proceeds from God; nor any means of assisting us, even with their prayers and intercession, but by his grace and through Jesus Christ. He also holds that it has ever been the Christian faith, that by the permission of God (in some way as unknown to us, as that by which the prophets, in their corporeal state, were inspired by him with the knowledge of futurity), the Saints have a knowledge of the petitions which we are permitted to address to them, to intercede for us, and join in supplication with us and for us; in the same manner as we pray for each other in the name of our common Lord and Mediator.

“ ‘ No. IX.

“ ‘ IMAGES AND RELICS OF SAINTS.

“ ‘ The Catholic is accused of worshipping them; but his church particularly prohibits ‘ the belief of anything divine, or of any intrinsic efficacy in images or relics for which they should be revered, or that we should ask anything from them;’ and directs expressly ‘ that any honour paid to them should be referred to what they represent.’* In the common catechism for children; to the question, ‘ Do Catholics pray to images?’ the answer is, ‘ No, by no means; we pray before them indeed, to keep us from distractions, but not to them, for we know that they can neither see, hear, nor help us.’ The intention of this reverence is well expressed in an old English Treatise on the Ten Commandments, printed in Westminster Abbey before the Reformation in 1496, by Winken de Worde. ‘ Worship not the image, nor the stock, stone, or tree; but worship him that died on the tree, for thy sin and thy sake, so that thou kneel, if thou wilt, *before* the image, but not *to* the image, for it

* “ ‘ Catechism of the Council of Trent, and Bossuet’s ‘ Exposition of Christian Doctrinè.’ See ‘ Roma Subterranea;’ Montfaucon ‘ Iter Italicum,’ &c. &c. &c.

seeth thee not, it heareth thee not, it understandeth thee not; for if thou do it *for* the image, or *to* the image, thou doest idolatry.' This is the Catholic doctrine: images, pictures, and relics are placed in their churches to fix the attention to holy subjects, excite piety, devotion, and faith, and urge them to imitation. But *worship is to God alone*, and if the sense of that old English word, *worship*, which here means to *revere*, is to be perverted against the Catholic into an act of adoration, a foreigner might as well accuse us of adoring the worshipful Lord Mayor. If any abuse has or does take place on this subject, every Catholic knows, from his catechism, as well as any Protestant, that it is grossly sinful; and every clergyman in authority is bound in duty, not only to explain the true sense, but to remove, if necessary, the object of the abuse. Some Protestants have, with a blameable omission of examination into the common sources of information, charged the Catholics with the suppression of the *second* commandment, to support what they call *image worship*; but if any one will ask any Catholic child to recite the Ten Commandments, his answer will be the whole of Exodus on that subject; and he will find in every Catholic cate-

chism, that the only difference from the Common Prayer Book is, that the decalogue is differently divided; the first article also includes the second, and the tenth is divided into two parts; and as the Catholic neither adores nor serves the images, cross, or pictures, this commandment does not affect him.

“ ‘The cross, as used at our baptism, is the emblem of our redemption: you find it in the catacombs on the grave-stone of every primitive Christian, sometimes accompanied by other symbols, such as the lamb and cross, the good shepherd, the palm of martyrdom, &c. distinguishing the place where he rests from that of the Heathen near him, inscribed *Dis Manibus*, *Jovi optimo maximo*, or with other similar invocations: the earliest Christian writers glory in its frequent use; it waved on the banners of Constantine and of his successors. In the Greek churches the cross is never omitted, and its sign is used much oftener than with the Latins;*

* “ ‘The secession of the Greek from the Latin church arose from a question whether the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father and Son, or from the Father only. Scripture is silent on either point, and the decision depended on the traditional belief of the church. This difference may, to many, appear to be of minor conse-

whilst their observances are by far more severe. In the ruins of the churches in Nubia, destroyed by Mahomet in the sixth century, it is still seen with the pictures of Saints, and even of Purgatory; and at this moment it remains the sign of recognition and of brotherhood among the oppressed Christians in the East. Nor does this custom of decorating churches with the cross and other pious subjects, appear to have been objected to by other Protestants than those of

ration, but as it related to an article of faith, it could not be compromised: and this secession, and the disclaimer of the Pope's primacy, were the weighty consequences. Very different was the case of the Manicheans, Monothelites, Arians, Novatians, Donatists, and a tribe of sects now vanished, which sprung up soon after, and even in the time of the Apostles, claiming to be arbiters of the faith on their own interpretation of the scriptures. Their doctrines were successively condemned by different Councils. Had such a principle been then admitted, there would now be neither Catholics nor Protestants, and there might possibly, in its ultimate consequences, have been as many sects as Christians; nor would there have been any necessity for priests, or establishments, as the possession of a Bible would be the only requisite. Protestants, by admitting the Nicene Creed, have in this dispute sided with the Latin church, and there still remain large districts and communities of Christians in the East, in union with the Roman Sec.

the school of Geneva. You may see in the *Vitruvius Danicus*,* that the modern churches in Denmark have crucifixes over the altars, and are ornamented with paintings and sculptures of the Crucifixion and other sacred subjects, and also of the Virgin and other Saints. On the tombs and coffins of their kings and queens, since the reformation to the time of Christian V. inclusive, Christ crucified is represented in high relief. The writer has also heard, that in Sweden and in parts of Germany there are Protestant churches decorated in the same way.

“ ‘ No. X.

“ ‘ ON WHAT IS AND WHAT IS NOT ESSENTIAL.

“ ‘ Before this humble attempt to rescue the Catholic religion from some vulgar and illiterate prejudices is closed, it may be desirable to point out some distinctions between things as they are, and which appearing praiseworthy, ought to remain so, though they may not be essentially necessary to the Catholic religion; and others which are absolutely requisite as component parts of it. At a period long preceding the

* “ ‘ See the ‘ *Vitruvius Danicus*,’ by Sorgenfrey. 2 vols. folio. Copenhagen, 1746.

organization of any nation or government now existing; when every class of Christians joined in the belief in the supremacy of the See of Rome, to whose apostolic labours most of the countries in Europe were indebted for their conversion to Christianity, Charlemagne thought it becoming his piety and religious feelings, his prudence and his policy, to endow the Holy See with the patrimony it possesses. But however right and politic it may have been and now is, that the head of the Catholic church should be independent of every sovereign, however decorous that he should be maintained in this situation of dignity and honour, this is not essential to the religion itself, and the Pope reduced to an humble mansion, or a cell in the catacombs, would, as bishop of Rome, possess the same spiritual superiority and ecclesiastical authority as he now enjoys. As to any temporal authority of the Pope, the Catholics of this realm have disclaimed it on oath. The whole body of the French nation, with their clergy at their head, issued a formal declaration against it in 1682, and many foreign universities consulted by Mr Pitt, confirmed the disclaimer; and if you were to tell a Frenchman, German, or other foreigner, that his allegiance to his King

and country was dubious and incomplete, because he believed in the supremacy of the Pope, he would laugh at the idea, and at you for entertaining it.* The cardinals consist of the four suffragan bishops of the diocese of Rome, and of the priests and deacons of the parishes of that city. It is in this capacity that they elect the Pope; this is their place in the ministry and in the hierarchy: the rank and honours that are conceded to them are worldly honours, and not essential.

“ ‘ That the metropolitans, prelates, and ministers of religion should live by the altar, is *precept*, and that they should be maintained by it in respectability and honour, must be the feeling and wish of every one who venerates his faith; but it is no part of the Catholic religion that they should possess in the state any situation of power or temporal authority. Whatever has been done in that way arises from political expediency, of which nations judge and decide for themselves.

“ ‘ The same may be said of the establishment of Monasteries and Religious Orders. Christ has

* “ ‘ The infallibility of the Pope is not an article of the Catholic faith.

pointed out the road to christian perfection, and who will say that believers are not to take it? But Religious Orders, however great their merits and their services, do not *as such* form any part either of the hierarchy or ministry, and are not, therefore, essential parts of catholicity. They were not established in communities before the fourth century; in England they were abolished by Henry VIII, and not re-established by Mary; they were likewise set aside in the Low Countries by Joseph II, and since in France, and in most part of Germany and Italy, and their numbers are but small even in the Roman territory. Their existence is not therefore essential, and the countries remain Catholic as they were before.

“ ‘Objections are made against the discipline of the western church, which orders its public service to be performed in Latin. The expediency of this being continued or altered, is also a subject of discussion among Catholics; but the advantages derived from uniformity obtain many advocates. It must be observed that every Catholic is, from his infancy, instructed in everything relating to the service, and all present know perfectly what is saying and what is doing. In every parochial establishment, it

is ordered, that the Epistle and the Gospel of the day shall be read, and, if necessary, explained in the vulgar tongue; and that catechisms and sermons shall be frequent. Whoever will look into the Catholic Prayer Books in general use, will find the Latin of the service in one column, and its translation adjoining, into English, French, German, Italian, &c. The writer, considering his own home, would much approve of its being performed in English, but whoever leaves it, experiences the great use of uniformity. Many could manage to join in prayer where the service was said in French and Italian, some in German, but they would probably be much puzzled in their devotions, if, in their absence from this country, either for commerce, business, or pleasure, they had to hear it read to them in Bohemian, Hungarian, Peruvian, Hindoostanee, or the other languages belonging to the different nations which constitute the world.* At present, wherever the Catholic goes, the service is familiar to him.

* “ ‘ Similiar difficulties would be experienced by nations even within their own precincts. In France, the Bas-breton, the Languedocian, the Provençal, and the Basque, are quite distinct languages from the French;

“ ‘ No. XI.

“ ‘ *You are not reasonable in your faith*, is an objection often made to Catholics. But they do not give credit to anything but that which they are convinced Christ has taught. That he has done so, is the whole and the sufficient reason for their belief. The truth of the doctrines and mysteries of religion are not to be tried by the human understanding; so shallow, that it may, on any subject, be put to a non-plus in two questions. In like manner, and on the clearest texts, supported by the evidence of antiquity, he believes that Christ founded a church, and that he promised to support it unceasingly in truth till the end of time. If he gives credit to the ministry of his church, it is because he knows that they teach no other doctrines than those it sanctions; and that were any priest to advance anything new or contrary to its tenets, he would soon be detected, condemned, and

and in many countries the patois and dialects of different provinces are so unlike, that they can scarce understand one another: in Great Britain, we soon change from English to Erse or Welsh; in Germany, the Saxon scarce understands the Swabian, and the Swiss is like another language to him.

deserted; as has ever been the case with innovators.* He also thinks that it is neither true in fact, nor consistent with Divine wisdom, that the faith, doctrines, and law established by Christ, should have been left without authorised support; but scattered to the winds. Let any one calmly consider, whether a fixed creed does not appear to be the most conducive to the happiness of the human race, as intended by the goodness of God? Whether an individual, who believes that his faith is founded on the authority of Christ, and its continuance in the truth secured by his promises; who knows his duties to God and man, and entertains the confident hope that he may, by conforming to them, be made worthy of the promises of his Redeemer; whether he is not in a happier and more tranquil state, and better qualified to

† “ “ In the year 1331-2, Pope John XXII. from the pulpit in Avignon, preached a doctrine that was novel in the church. An English Dominican monk, of the name of Wales, without delay ascended the pulpit, in the same city, and denounced this doctrine. He was imprisoned, but immediately after was supported by a crowd of divines, and the Pope did not long hesitate to explain and retract what he had advanced.—See Fleury’s Ecclesiastical History, vol. xix. Bossuet and others *passim*.

pursue those duties, than he whose faith is left afloat and unsettled, to be made out in anxiety and never-ending doubt by himself, and constantly subject to variation, even in his own mind, exclusive of his difficulties arising from the opinions of others.

“ ‘ No. XII.

“ ‘ Another charge is, that *the Catholic religion is unfavourable to letters and to education*. Let the reader consider with what justice it is made. Where, in the excursions of the Goths, Vandals, Huns, and other most ferocious and cruel hordes, which overwhelmed the Roman empire with ignorance, barbarity, and blood, where was any remnant of the classics and of literature preserved—was it not in the Latin and Greek monasteries? Who softened down those savages by converting them? Where did literature begin to be restored? And, looking to our own home, with what face can this be urged? Had not the Universities themselves, and nearly all the colleges belonging to them, Catholic founders? In the same manner, all the great public free-schools, and by far the greater number of the free-schools spread over the country (of which many have since been

suffered to fall into decay) are also of Catholic times. And now the anomaly exists, that a Catholic cannot send his children for education, to the very schools and colleges which were founded by his ancestors. Indeed, having till lately been deprived by law from all, and now from many of the honorable objects of ambition which give the emulation, spirit, and desire which lead to distinction in science, there was to a Catholic scarce anything worth educating for.

“ ‘ No. XIII.

“ ‘ AS TO THE EFFECT OF THE PENAL LAWS.

“ ‘ Persecutions in their various degrees, by infliction, proscription, exclusion, or privation from civil rights, are all founded on the same tyrannical principle, an usurped assumption of the right and power of control over the minds of others, which does not really exist in human nature, except by peaceable and convincing reasoning; an interference between God and man in a manner for which no Divine legation can be shown, and which, where the right of private interpretation of the Scriptures is claimed, is inconsistent even to absurdity; for if a man may adopt any interpretation, why may he not

choose that of the Catholic? To all descriptions of penal laws the English Catholic has been subjected, but from the more serious inflictions the liberality of Government has, in later times, relieved him: and what is passed would soon be forgotten, if it were not continued. There is no Catholic of an advanced age, in any class of life, who has not severely felt the effects of those dire laws: his family, if not gradually decaying, left stationary, without weight or importance in his country, passed by every other, marked, neglected, scarce spoken to as Englishmen, the cup ever dashed from the lip in endless disappointment; all fair objects of ambition denied, bound down to inactive and inefficient irksome life, no means of honorable employment for his brothers or children. Those compelled to seek service in foreign countries, to live and die far distant, and lost to their own country and friends, or condemned to be idle hangers-on at home.* The middle class also

* “ ‘ Catholics by a late act, carried no doubt with the approbation of the Commander-in-chief, are admitted without restriction into the army and navy; and though, unfortunately for them, his Royal Highness appears adverse to their general claims, they have to acknowledge his impartial liberality in their admission into, and pro-

without its usual influence, and deprived of all means of raising themselves, and the lower classes equally depressed. What have been the heart-rendings of such a condition, those who know how to feel for others will readily comprehend. There are still some few men of arbitrary minds, on whom the afflictions of others produce no qualms ; some, indeed, never tire of tormenting, others have sufficient fortitude to bear with the sufferings of others without interference : some say the time is not yet come for concession, as if the time to do justice was not always present :* others, because Irish Catholics have shown some impatience under disappointment, tell those of England that this has prevented their relief ; as if *bearing*

motion in, the army. Every Catholic remains still excluded by law from all other offices of trust or profit in England.

* “ ‘ The hocus-pocus assertion, contrary to history and evidence, that *the constitution of England is essentially Protestant*, must stand on an inference derived from the church of England being the religion of the state. But it should be recollected, that since the accession of Henry VIII. the religion of the state has varied six or seven times, and according to that principle, the *essentiality* of the constitution must as often have changed with it.

oppression well was an English virtue, instead of its being a just cause of scorn to its genuine feelings. But the Catholic owes a debt of the highest gratitude to some of the greatest men of this country, whose loss he laments, and to others of equal celebrity now alive, who have gradually enlightened this nation, and whose high example has been followed by the liberal part of the upper ranks, both in and out of Parliament. Those honoured men, blessed with the feelings of active justice, charity, indulgent judgment and compassion to others, have most powerfully enforced their statesman-like views, and convinced the great mass of the country of the true policy and expediency of granting religious freedom to all. To the true liberality of several of the dignitaries of the church, and of a very great number of the clergy who, at their own peril, and to their manifest personal disadvantage, have advocated their cause, even greater obligation is entirely due.* The Ca-

* “ ‘ What Catholic can speak or think of the venerated bishop of Norwich without enthusiasm? The Rev. Sydney Smith used early his powerful pen in the cause; the rector of Cromer, Mr Archdeacon Glover, has written the best defence of the political principles of the Catholics of

tholics have sworn in terms stronger than any other class of subjects; to the support of the constitution and government, and have offered to give any further security that can consistently be demanded. The writer is further convinced that there is no desire, on their part, to disturb the church of England in its privileges and possessions, and still less do they, or the Roman Catholic clergy, entertain the most distant thought or wish to be placed in its stead. What the Catholic owes to the yeomanry and middle rank of the people of England can scarce be sufficiently acknowledged. 'Tis they who give the tone to, and who have the entire influence over, the lower classes. Their opinions also decide on the conduct and votes of numbers in the House of Commons—being themselves free from the desire of mastery, and itch for new doings and new legislating, they are, when rightly informed, the fairest and most straight-forward class of men existing; always paying willing deference to the upper ranks, when positive cause is not given to oppose

England that exists; nor can the support given to them by the Rev. Wm. Vernon, at a meeting of the clergy in Yorkshire, be forgotten by any Catholic.

them. On them the burden of our unpaid internal government chiefly falls. Into the yeomen's hands, as jurymen, we have wisely placed the decision, when either our lives or our property are at stake; and whoever has attended our courts of justice knows how to appreciate the steadiness, in merciful anxiety, which governs their discharge of this trust, in the one, and the strict impartiality which regulates their minds in the other. To them truly belongs the motto *Libertas et natala solum*, the love of freedom with order, the readiness to make sacrifices to the honor of their country, the ready obedience to the laws, and the cool resistance of oppression: whilst their homely desires are confined to the enjoyment of their own, in peace, without the unnecessary interference of others. It is quite evident, that, in the case of their Roman Catholic fellow-subjects, a very great majority of this valued class of Englishmen have overcome all early prejudices, and though probably still under some feeling of dislike, have seen and felt the justice of *not interfering with the consciences of others*; and of their own accord, in spite of all attempts to the contrary, have, on many occasions, acted up to this great principle; and by keeping aloof at

other times, have proved that they cannot be excited to oppose it, whilst the Catholic acknowledges the same principle, and conducts himself with equal liberality.

“ ‘ This subject cannot be more appropriately closed than with the high-minded words of our gracious Sovereign, in which he has shown the genuine sentiments of his heart, when unbiased and unshackled by other counsels. They are recorded in the proclamation of his Majesty to the kingdom of Hanover, as follow:—

“ ‘ THE SEVERAL PROFESSORS OF THE CHRISTIAN FAITH ENJOY A PERFECT EQUALITY OF CIVIL AND POLITICAL RIGHTS, AND THE NOTION OF A PREDOMINANT AND OF A MERELY TOLERATED CHURCH, IS ENTIRELY ABOLISHED.*

* “ ‘ Oh that we were Hanoverians! is the cry of the humiliated and wounded feelings of the Irish. On the Continent, we have further proofs of the liberality of Catholics, in the conduct of the present king of Bavaria, who has united most cordially with his son in giving a free constitution to that country; while Protestant Prussia, which in a great measure owes the restoration of its power to the *levy en masse* of its Catholic subjects in Silesia, has not yet fulfilled the pledge which has been generally understood to have been given to them. Again, we see in Saxony a succession of Catholic princes ad-

“ ‘ No. XIV.

“ ‘ FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

“ ‘ This article of the symbol of the Apostles, and the power given by Christ to his Ministers

ministering the government of a country, entirely Protestant, in a manner most particularly paternal. An argument is attempted here to justify the system of exclusion, by a distinction between civil rights and civil power; but whoever has given the least thought to our constitution, must see with what care, and how intimately it blends, in every class of its subjects, the possession of any property, advantage, or privilege, and of every civil right whatever, with civil duties and the obligation of sharing in offices of power, by which the country is governed,—and to which system it chiefly owes its excellence and superiority. The Peer, the Sheriff, the Jurors, the Corporations, the Electors, the elected, and every parochial office, are proofs of the inseparable connection of civil rights, power, duties, and obligations, often made compulsory. Surely such arguers must consider power in no other light than the means of getting money from the state. In fact, however, every law of exclusion not only trenches on the rights of the individual, but limits the prerogative of the crown, and the right the country has to the services of all, and to a share being taken of the burdensome offices which our constitution annexes to and imposes on the possession of property and other advantages. Whoever argues for *exclusion*

to absolve the penitent sinner,* are also admitted in the creed and liturgy of the church of England in the same forms; though, as well as in the observance of Lent, the practice seems to be left to the Catholic. With us, however, it is absolutely required of every one, from the Pope downwards, that confession of sin shall be made, and that it shall be accompanied by a contrite heart and sincere sorrow for its commission, together with a firm purpose of amendment, and a determination to atone, make restitution, and all practicable amends, for the injury done to another, either in his property or his reputation. These are the conditions, indispensable on the part of the penitent, without which the absolution, be it pronounced by a pope, a bishop, or a priest, is utterly void and of no avail. On the contrary, the individual becomes involved in greater guilt, and is probably led to the profanation and unworthy receiving of the sacrament of the altar.†

without crime proven, must also be prepared to approve and justify the conduct of the Turks to the Greeks—of the Spanish government to its colonies—and of most of the partial oppressions in ancient and modern history.

* ““ Mat. xvi. 19. xviii. 18. John xx. 21, 22, 23.

† ““ In confession it is enjoined to the penitent that

“ ‘ No. XV.

“ ‘ ON THE SACRED CHARACTER OF AN OATH
AND KEEPING FAITH WITH EVERY ONE.

“ ‘ I approach this subject with great reluctance,
and I may say shuddering, at our being called

he shall not name or designate any third person ; and to the priest entire secrecy in everything relating to what is imparted to him is, without any exception, required. Such inviolable secrecy must be the necessary consequence of the institution, for who would confess his fault if there was any authority left, in any case whatever, to reveal it. Those who object to this doctrine and practice, have endeavoured to support some imaginary cases of plots, or of crimes in contemplation, against this ordinance of secrecy ; but if those fantastic cases are fairly considered, they will be found to amount nearly to impossibilities. What criminal would lay before his confessor an intended crime, when he knows that this avowal would, to a certainty, deprive him of the absolution, which must be his object, and of all the benefits he seeks by the confession he is making ? After all, if this religious institution were to be considered as a mere question of human policy, is not he who thinks it his duty to lay what he has done, or is doing, before the minister of his religion, more likely to be deterred from his evil ways than one who never thinks it necessary to make such a submission to any one ? The conclusion must be in favour of the institution, as affording to the rest of the world a

upon to repel imputations equally repugnant to religion, honour, and common honesty. It is by some urged that Catholics are not bound to keep faith with those of a different persuasion, and that they may be absolved from their oaths. Our situation of privation and exclusion *on account of oaths* contradicts the vile calumny, and ought to shelter us from its malicious injustice. The obligation of an oath and of keeping faith, either with governments or with individuals, rests, with the Catholic, the Protestant, and every virtuous man, on the same external basis of moral rectitude: where the pledge is given for a lawful and not immoral object, no one

better chance, not only of atonement, but for the prevention of crime; nor are we in our civil institutions without similar instances of secrecy, required both in honour and good policy. Can the solicitor or advocate reveal the case of the culprit, which he confides to them? Can the physician make known the secret complaint of his patient? And even in private life no one can divulge the confidential communication made to him without loss of character; he may not even relate in one society what is said or passes in another, if it can involve any one in any difficulty; and if imprudently he should do so, he is not, by the rules of society, authorised to give up his authority, but must take the peril and consequences on himself.

existing can dispense with it. History is full of the proofs of the adherence of Catholics to their allegiance and pledges, in despite of oppression itself, and of every personal peril and inconvenience. The Barons, with Archbishop Langton and the English Clergy, withstood in arms the united efforts of King John and the Pope. In the same manner the whole French nation supported Philip Augustus and his son Lewis. The subjects of the Emperor Charles V. fought and subdued Rome and the Pope without being less Catholic. Elizabeth's Catholic subjects took up arms against the league of the Pope and Philip II. and in my tenth paragraph I have quoted the declarations of the French Clergy, and the chief foreign universities, against any right of interference of the Pope in any temporal matters; and the evidence of the Catholic Prelates, lately given in the two houses of Parliament, on the same subject, cannot, to any fair and well meaning mind, leave a doubt on this subject.*

“ ‘ HENRY HOWARD.’ ”

“ ‘ *February 1825.*’ ”

* “ ‘ I have seen in some churches in the Neapolitan territory a list of cases reserved for absolution to the Bishop, on account of the enormity of the crimes and the repara-

“Now,” said Mr Ashburn, “you see our real sentiments and the sentiments of others upon this important subject; and you also see how much we court investigation instead of avoiding it, and, as is alleged, wrapping up our church in a sort of Elusinian mystery. How absurd, when all, excepting our sacred confessions, is as open as the noon-day sun! And that these confessions are highly salutary to morals, nothing can be more easy than to prove. But in the mean time, as I am in haste, I shall merely read you a part of Mr Sportinville’s last letter, which is dated from a friend’s house on the Scottish border; and I am happy to say, he and his lady will be here in ten days.

“‘We arrived at Major ——’s yesterday, and after promising to return to dinner, we drove over to Mr Sangster’s. They had already heard of the dreadful dereliction of Miss Strangeway, and had lamented ‘that such an honest fellow, who was so fond of our Jacob, should be a cast-away.’ However, the ladies flew into each other’s arms, and soon retired, to talk over souls,

tion which those crimes made necessary. Among these stands prominent, the *swearing of a false oath or prevarication in evidence before a court of justice.*’

jaunts, Jacob, and new dresses. In the mean time, I told my friend that I could not think of leaving Jacob behind me; that his love for his parents should be cherished; that we should visit them at least once in two years; that his education and fortune should be assiduously cared for; and that his conscience should be left free as air. Mr Sangster had been in various attitudes, and each leg had successively formed a pillar and a caduceus, while one thumb had been gnawed and another appended to his vest armlet. At last he groaned—said Jacob was certainly a fine child, and well worthy of an Oxford education. ‘But, my dear friend, his mother is an absolute enthusiast in religion. It is an amiable error, if indeed it can be called one, and—I have been much guided by her. The fact is, she has a mind superior to mine.’ I could not but smile at his uxorious enthusiasm, for she is merely a very good sort of woman. ‘Yes, far superior to mine. She sustains me in many a sad conflict.’ That is, thought I, her blandishments and coaxing force you into a little clerical duty, and you are willing to imagine yourself guided by wisdom, when—but the subject is revolting—when one considers that this man affects the priesthood.

‘No, sir, she will never consent; she will sooner see him turning turfs on yonder muir.’ And, as is usual with him when much perplexed, his head sank on his breast, which, though but a young man, gives him the appearance of premature superannuacy. Just then the ladies joined us. Mrs Sangster’s eyes were sparkling with pleasure, and so fond was she of Caroline, that she could not withhold her hands from caressing her. This looks well, thought I, Jacob goes to a certainty. ‘Mr Sportinville, my dear—Mr Sportinville wishes—but I know it is needless.’—‘O! yes, I know my dear; Mrs Sportinville has told me all about it, and I am sure I once thought the thing impossible; but Caroline assures me that, when in London, Jacob shall always attend Mr Irvine’s chapel; and that when at school, he shall be placed with a Protestant of Mr Irvine’s recommending. I am quite ashamed, my dear, of Mrs Sportinville’s kindness. You know I missed my red gown, and I was vexed, for it fits me so well. Only think! the dear creature took it away with her, and has brought me a trunk full of gowns, and fifty things all ready to put on.’—Mr Sangster looked ineffably mortified. I believe he would, in fact, far rather have foregone the

boy's maintenance, education, and certain establishment in the world, than have seen such an easy conquest over his wife's 'amiable enthusiasm.' But Caroline (as I immediately hinted) had reckoned erroneously in one respect, for assuredly I should not submit the choice of a preceptor (of all elections the most precious) to Mr Irvine; but in all essentials, I shall do nothing without consulting the child's excellent father; and I flatter myself that this worthy man will find in my friendship a filip to his often depressed state of mind. I do not speak this in any vanity as to myself; but he is of a romantic turn, and there is in this affair somewhat of an adventure. He is a man of too delicate a conscience for his situation, and I feel for him exceedingly. As for his 'strong minded' wife, she, I find, may be gained over at any time by a few new dresses made to the pattern of her red gown.'"

CHAPTER VIII.

It was now close at Candlemas, and Florence had made her first confession to Mr D'Alembert. It may seem strange that she did not prefer Mr Ashburn; but it was his wish, if consonant with her own, that she should not; and she was better pleased, because, although she loved, esteemed, and respected the latter, yet the lofty grandeur of Mr D'Alembert's mind, air, and whole exterior, carried in it the idea of sublimity which suited so awful an intercourse. On the first Monday morning after this important event, Mrs Stanhope set about giving the necessary orders for removing, and Florence undertook the charge of seeing the books packed, while Miss Fortescue, charmed with a removal to a gayer part of the town, had volunteered a prolongation of her visit, and was making herself very useful, in as-

sisting Mrs Stanhope in such delicate packages as scarcely could be trusted to servants. Florence had begun to arrange those books which might more naturally have been left to the last, as, in fact, they were already all in one place, viz. those which Mr Ashburn had at various times, in the course of nearly five months, brought to the house. She had just assorted them into sets with respect to size, and was about to place them in a box made for the purpose, when her attention was arrested by a passage in "Gother's Papist Misrepresented and Represented," and forgetting to pack, she sat down to read. Mrs Stanhope and Miss Fortescue, though engaged in safely depositing what might have been deemed more likely to draw attention, viz. a cabinet of shells, &c. yet went on steadily to wrap up in cotton, and to place one layer above another, so as to insure a safe carriage. While the three ladies were thus engaged, each started from her position by a thundering knock—a knock which sent a thrill through the heart of Mrs Stanhope; and after the first sensation, summoned up all the courage of her daughter. The former, in breathless anxiety, found a seat;

the latter assumed a more erect position, and continued to gaze upon the book in her hand, but not to read.

In as short a space as might be, after hearing a creaking, heavy, important step, the door was thrown open, and Admiral Stanhope was announced. Time, which had mixed his fine black locks, and wrinkled his commanding brow, had still left its dazzling whiteness, and impaired nothing of the fiery ardour of his keen, piercing, black eyes. He bowed to the ladies—Mrs Stanhope was unable to rise; but Florence, with a mixture of sweetness and dignity, approached, and respectfully held out her hand. He looked at her steadily, and then said, “No, I am not sure if a loyal servant of the king may touch that hand.” She retreated, and laid it, appropriately enough, as if for support, upon the *Lives of the Saints*.

“Is it true,” continued he, “that you have become a traitor, and placed yourself under the protection of Papists?”

“I can never,” said she, “be a traitor, and I believe I have too much of the spirit of my uncle to require protection; every stout, upright mind should be able for its own defence.”

“Fool! that is the language of a play or a

novel; your timid eye, and your beating heart, give the lie to your words."

Poor Florence felt that he was but too correct a physiognomist, and was but too well skilled in the tokens of fear; and gladly would she have "lifted up her voice and wept," but this was no moment for weakness; and keeping her eyes fixed on the ground, and bidding her heart be still, she rallied her powers.

"It is true," said she, after a pause of recollection, "that I am at this moment both awed and terrified; my age and your severity must be my apology; but if I could forget what is due to myself, I can never forget what is due to my mother, and for her sake I shall resist to the utmost every unworthy interference."

He seemed a little surprised, and perhaps scarcely knowing what or how to reply, he had recourse to a recognition of Miss Fortescue, who had not only maintained her position, but in some measure continued her occupation, in so far as to take up and lay down a variety of shells, which, in their beautiful pink-white, seemed to find their equals only in her own lovely hands.

"Miss Fortescue!" said he, advancing and holding out his hand, "although I have not seen you since the playful child was lost in the

elegant woman, I cannot be mistaken:" and then retreating so as to have a full view, he suffered his eyes to speak his admiration, and they never spoke to one more adroit in understanding their language. After a pause of sufficient gallantry, he said, "I have a long account to settle with you, Miss Fortescue, and an apology to offer, for which I really can scarcely find words. But believe me, I can blush through all my bronze when I recollect the unworthy manner in which I once treated you."

"O! dear," said she, "never mention it. You did what was quite natural, and as I have often heard my mother say, highly honourable under the circumstances of the time."

"You are too good natured, Miss Fortescue, but I was somewhat younger then, and had all the hot blood of a newly-made post-captain about me. But we must bring a little more coolness and consideration and dignity into our modes now. Let us see what we have got here in these well-assorted volumes.—What! a box to put them in? Are you bound for a convent?"

Florence made no reply; but Mrs Stanhope, rising from her seat, said, she was quite certain that her daughter had no such intention.

"My affair is not with you, madam. Miss

Stanhope, who seems to be so fond of protecting herself, shall be her own arbitress," was his reply to his poor sister-in-law.—“ ‘ Butler's Lives of the Saints.’—Good ! ‘ Models of Piety.’—Damn it ! ‘ Faith of Catholics confirmed by Scripture.’—Curse it ! I rejoice, Miss Fortescue, to learn—for I have had correct information ; I am a Jesuit that way—that you are still a loyal subject, and took no share in this treason.”

“ I assure you, Admiral Stanhope, that the whole has been a very distressing occurrence to me, and that I have used my utmost influence, both with my niece and my sister, to prevent or to cure their madness.”

Florence opened her eyes, and might well have exclaimed, as Fox did in the Catholic cause, “ That is a good Protestant lie.” However, she said nothing.

“ Do you mean to remain long here, Miss Fortescue ?”

“ O ! not a day after my sister has moved. I merely staid to assist with the packing of these nick-nacks, and with again arranging them ; but I shall be off for London in a week.”

Florence smiled, and the Admiral surveyed himself in a side mirror.

“ Are you aware,” said he, turning to his

niece, "that no loyal subject would be a Catholic, and that no Catholic ever was a loyal subject?"

"No, I am aware of the very reverse;—of all men living they have been the most loyal."

"Indeed! What then do you make of the gunpowder plot?"

"It was an affair got up by Protestants for the destruction of Catholics, into which a few deluded Catholics were decoyed, but the great mass have ever been most true and loyal."

"Upon my word, you have got your lesson well! But do you not know that in this country if a man love his king, he will love the religion of his king?"

"I imagined," said she, half smiling, "that it had been the religion of God, not of kings, that we were bound to love."

Admiral Stanhope's eyes seemed ready to start from their sockets, and rage depriving him of speech, he again had recourse to the books, while Florence every moment found her courage increase. Turning over the volumes until he could speak coherently, or until he had fixed his eyes on what produced such a re-action as to give him speech, he held up the title-page of the first volume of *Gother's Prayers*, on which there is

a cross, and turning to Mrs Stanhope. he said, "Do you not know, woman, that these damned crosses were banished and prohibited the country by an act of Queen Elizabeth?"

Mrs Stanhope made no reply. But Florence said, "It is probable my mother never heard of such an act; but if it exist, it is an indelible stain upon a Christian country."

"If it exist! Do you presume to doubt my authority?"

"I do not doubt your word, but I would fain hope, for the honour of my country, that your authority is false."

He bit his lip; and after considering a moment, he said, "Florence, it is my wish to be quite reasonable:—Are you willing to give up for ever those damned crosses and all the rest of it, and look upon yourself as my heir?"

"Protestants," she replied, "say that they introduced the fashion of thinking for ourselves—I mean to follow it."

"Well, then," said he, "you have neither art nor part with me;" and so saying, he lifted up an arm-full of the books and threw them violently into the fire.

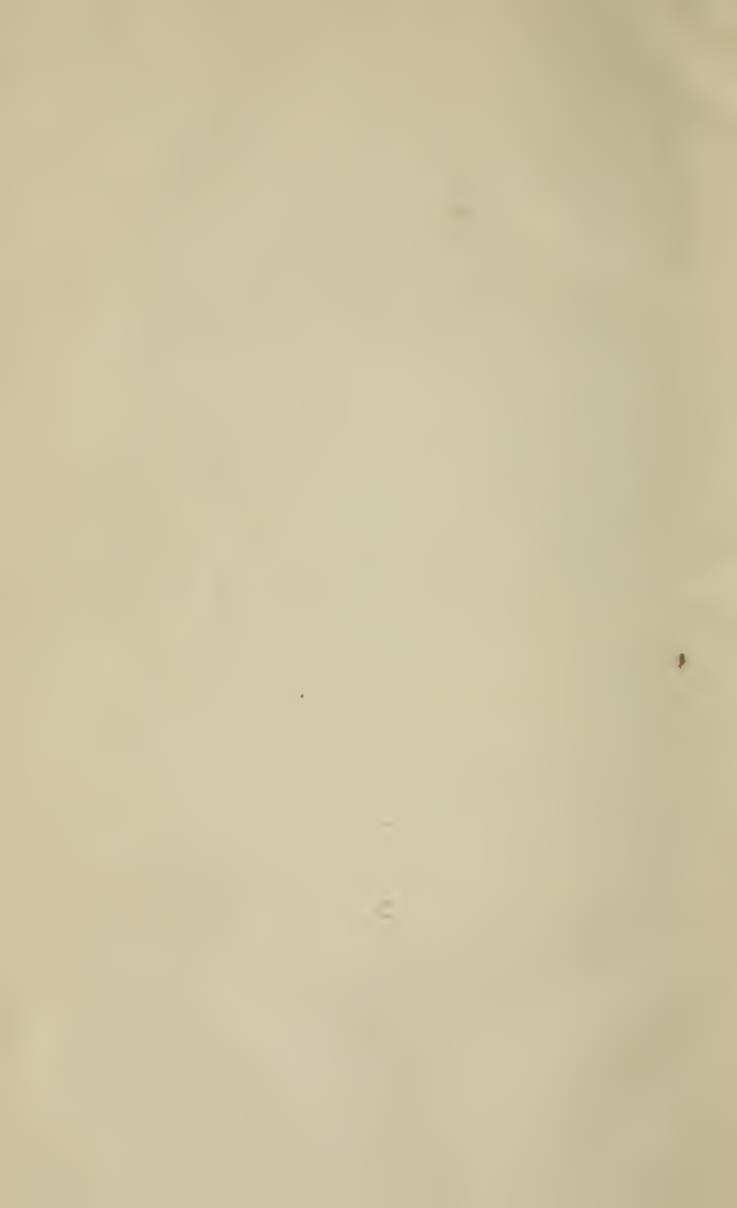
Mrs Stanhope instinctively rushed forward to save the presents of her kind friend; but

Florence gently withheld her, and said, “ My dearest mother, it would degrade you to contend with furious bigotry. I shall imagine that the lives of saints and of martyrs, and the works of highly-talented men, are sending forth a flame as pure as the religion which they professed, and to which they did such honour. But stay—I see a volume which is not worthy to mingle its flames or its ashes with those of such precious matter ;” and stepping calmly forward she withdrew from the heap ‘ Father Clement.’

THE END.

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